THE CHARM OF THE WEST COUNTRY

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The Brave Boys of BRISTOL.

Bristol Boys come side with me,
for I do here declare,
Such bonny Lads you seldom see,
none with them may compare
Tune is, Hey Boys up go we: Jenny Gin; Bustle Fame; Or, Russels Farewel.

BRave Bristol Boys, where e're you be,
come listen unto my Song,
And sing the Chorus now with me,
it doth to you belong:
We are the best and bisket Lads,
that Mortals ever see,
Come here's a health to all our Dads,
Brave *Bristol* Boys are we.

Our Princely King and Country too,
we love with all our hearts,
Unto the Crown we will be true,
to add to our desires:
For King and Country we will fight,
if any ca..le there be,
In Loyalty we do delight,
brave, &c.

Send in we will now despite,
and Lawful Power obey,
Who contradicts it is not wise,
then mind me what I say:

Let Bristol Boys to Charles the Great,
say e'ee Obedient be,
And then the Nation all will say,
brave, &c.

Besides, in *Bristol* City fair,
brave bonny Girls there be,
Whole breaths almost perfume the air,
and harbour Loyalty:
When Bristol Girls and Bristol Boys,
together you do see,
Oh then begins the height of Joys,
brave, &c.

Oh come then let us merry be,
the Spring will soon be here,
And then you'l see the blooming Tree,
in mourning weep a tear:
And to each faithful loving heart,
obedient seem to be,
Yet this is not half our desert,
faith, &c.

In Somersetshire and Glocester-shire,
there's Bonny Lads also,
That for their King and Country fears,
not though the world to go:
God bless their hearts, that their desires,
may ever prosperous be,
Thus night and day, for Charles we pray,
brave, &c.

God bless and lend him long to Reign,
within our British Isle,
When he is dead we may complain,
but Heaven I hope will smile:
And give him many happy years,
from bonds to keep us free,
Whole Life doth banish all our fears,
such Loyal boys are we.

Come give us the Carrousing Bowl,
and let us briskly Drink,
A health to every Loyal Soul,
let no man from it shrink:
But with an honest English heart,
expects his Loyalty,
That all may say before we part,
brave, &c.

Now to the merry Bristol Maids,
let us have one Carroule,
He that from this our minds perswades,
cannot be worth a Lowse:
Come fill the Glass, and let it pass
quite through the Company,
For well we love a Bristol Lass,
and, &c.

All you that hear me what I say,
pray take you no offence,
But if I do the wanton play,
it is through Innocence:
If I in Bristol City were,
how happy should I be,
And when I happen to be there,
He cry, brave Boys are we.

FINIS.

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guilt-spur-street*.

Rotographic reproduction of Print in the Bodleian Library of "The Brave Boys of Bristol" *(see p. 55).*

The Charm of the West Country

An Anthology

COMPILED AND EDITED
BY
THOMAS BURKE

BRISTOL: J. W. ARROWSMITH LTD., QUAY STREET. LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, :: HAMILTON, KENT AND CO. LTD. ::
1913

It is the compleate and repleate Horn of Abundance for high churlish hills, and affable, courteous people. . . . The country hath its share of hudge stones, mighty rocks, noble free gentlemen, bountiful housekeepers, strong and stout men, handsome and beautiful women.

JOHN TAYLOR.

To

LOUIE.

THE CHARM OF THE WEST COUNTRY.

		Page
I.	Western Town and Countryside .	1
II.	The Charm of Bristol and Bath .	49
III.	The West-Country Girl and Woman	117
IV.	West-Country Sport and Festival	149
V.	Some West-Country Men . .	189
VI.	The Childe of Bristow . . .	217

NOTE.

For kind permission to include certain copyright material in this "posie of other men's floweres," my thanks are due and are cordially given to the following authors and publishers :—

Mr. Orme Agnus and Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. Ltd. for a passage from *Sarah Tuldon*.

Mr. Frank Bullen and Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton for a passage from *Sea Puritans*.

Mr. Egerton Castle and Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Ltd. for a passage from *The Bath Comedy*.

Miss Grace Frankfield for three poems.

Mr. R. R. C. Gregory for two Somerset poems.

Mr. Thomas Hardy for a passage from *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

Mr. Charles G. Harper for two passages from *Love in the Harbour*, a passage from *The Exeter Road*, and two passages from *The Somerset Coast*.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers for a passage from *Certain Delightful English Towns*, by Mr. W. D. Howells.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts for a passage from *Children of the Mist*.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch for a passage from *Harry Revel*.

Mr. Walter Raymond for two passages from *English Country Life* and a passage from *No Soul above Money*.

Mr. Gilbert Thomas for *The Grey City*.

Mr. E. Temple Thurston for a passage from *The Flower o' Gloster*.

Mr. J. Cuming Walters for a passage from *The Lost Land of King Arthur*.

Mr. Arthur Waugh for *Hills of Memory* and *The Western Folk*.

Mr. Stanley J. Weyman for a passage from *Chippinge*.

Mr. E. S. Tyler and The Editor of *The Spectator* for *The Ladies of Bristol*.

The Royal Historical Society for the Camden Society's Transcript of *The Childe of Bristow*.

T. B.

Eltham, Kent.

INDEX.

I.

WESTERN TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE.

	Page
The Hills of Memory. *Arthur Waugh*	3
Western Landscapes. *Henry Fielding*	7
A Western Honeymoon Country. *Edwin Pugh*	8
A Western Coast. *Jane Austen*	9
Zummerzetzhire. *Old Song*	11
A Western Garden. *A. T. Quiller-Couch*	12
My Orchard in Linden Lea. *William Barnes*	13
The Western Wind. *Edmund Clarence Stedman*	14
A West-Country Homestead. *Walter Raymond*	15
Hawthorn in the West. *Grace Frankfield*	17
The Western Tongue. *Charles G. Harper*	18
Western Downland. *R. D. Blackmore*	19
Praise o' Do'set. *William Barnes*	20
Zummerzet. *R. R. C. Gregory*	23
Devon. *Matthew Bridges*	24
A Dartmoor Picture. *Eden Phillpotts*	25
Dartmoor. *Felicia Hemans*	27
Home Again. *R. D. Blackmore*	28
The Western Folk. *Arthur Waugh*	30
On the Road—Taunton Way. *Thomas Burke*	31
Devon. *John Keats*	32
Bideford. *Charles Kingsley*	33
Glastonbury. *Henry Alford, Alfred Tennyson*	35
A Western Stream. *Sidney Hodges*	36
The Glorious West: A Sheaf of Tributes. *Charles G. Harper, Anon., Old Song, Devon Song*	37
The Coombes of Devon. *Charles Kingsley*	39

Page

Queen of the West. *Charles G. Harper* . . 41
Dartside. *Charles Kingsley* 43
Dorchester. *Anon.* 44
Lines Composed while Climbing the Left Ascent of Brockley Coomb, Somersetshire, May, 1795. *S. T. Coleridge* . . . 45
Jarge o' Zummerset and the Taichers. *R. R. C. Gregory* 46

II.

THE CHARM OF BRISTOL AND BATH.

On Oure Ladye's Chyrche, Bristowe. *Thomas Chatterton* 51
The Honour of Bristol. *Anon.* 52
The Brave Boys of Bristol. *Anon.* 55
The Ladies of Bristol. *Edward Sydney Tylee* . 58
Pepys' Visit to Bristol. *Samuel Pepys* . . 62
Alexander Pope at Bristol. *Alexander Pope* . 64
Lydia Melford finds Clifton Agreeable. *Tobias Smollett* 66
Clifton. *Thomas Chatterton* 67
A Bristol Estate. *W. D. Howells* 69
Aella, Lord of the Castle of Bristowe. *Thomas Chatterton* 71
A Chronycalle of Brystowe. *Thomas Chatterton* 73
Bristol in Stephen's Day. *John Camden* . . 75
Gilbert Gurney at a Bristol Inn. *Theodore Hook* 76
Reform Sunday at Bristol. *Stanley J. Weyman* 77
Squire Bramble vents his Spleen. *Tobias Smollett* 79
The Bridge between Clifton and Leigh Woods. *W. L. Bowles* 81
Squire Bramble more Amiable. *Tobias Smollett* 82
Mr. Pickwick at Bristol. *Charles Dickens* . 84

	Page
The Hotwells. *John Locke*	86
John Evelyn on Bristol and the Avon Gorge. *John Evelyn*	87
The Avon Gorge. *George Crabbe*	88
The Rocks at Clifton. *Thomas Carlyle*	88
Nightingale Valley. *John Ruskin*	88
Clifton Rocks: The Poetaster's View. *Anon.*	89
The Watchet Sailor. *Old Song*	90
Bristol and Bath: a Posy of Tributes. *Anon., Fanny Burney, Samuel Pepys, Mary Russell Mitford, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Edward Fitzgerald, Mrs. Thrale, Macaulay, Arthur Waugh*	91
The Beauty of Bath. *W. Harrison Ainsworth*	96
The Soul of Bath. *Agnes and Egerton Castle*	97
The Grey City. *Gilbert Thomas*	99
Going the Pace at Bath: The Youth's Way. *Tobias Smollett*	100
Miss Lydia's Way. *Tobias Smollett*	101
From "The New Bath Guide." *Christopher Anstey*	102
Mr. Pickwick at Bath. *Charles Dickens*	104
Bath: An Appreciation. *Tobias Smollett*	107
A Trip to Bristol. *Jane Austen*	109
A Morning on the Downs. *W. Harrison Ainsworth*	110
Catherine Morland at Bath. *Jane Austen*	111
Prior Park. *Henry Fielding*	113
Dinner at Prior Park. *W. Harrison Ainsworth*	115

III.

THE WEST-COUNTRY GIRL AND WOMAN.

Jan's Courtship. *Traditional*	119
Sophia Western Described. *Henry Fielding*	121

	Page
Lizzie. *William Barnes*	123
Dicky of Taunton Dean. *Anon.*	124
Mine Hostess. *Henry Fielding*	126
The Western Maid—Sixteenth Century. *Robert Greene*	128
A Bristol Serving-Maid. *Henry Fielding*	129
An Exmoor Girl. *R. D. Blackmore*	130
Polly. *Grace Frankfield*	131
Lorna. *R. D. Blackmore*	132
Ellen. *Anon.*	133
Another West-Country Heroine. *Charles Kingsley*	134
Tess. *Thomas Hardy*	136
The Farmer's Daughter. *Traditional*	137
Queen of the May. *Anon.*	139
Barry Lyndon and the Girls. *W. M. Thackeray*	140
A Queen of Curds and Whey. *Walter Raymond*	142
Recollections of Love. *S. T. Coleridge*	143
In the Lane—Bridgwater. *Grace Frankfield*	144
A Song Addressed to Miss C—am of Bristol. *Thomas Chatterton*	145
The Do'set Coquette. *Orme Agnus*	147

IV.

WEST-COUNTRY SPORT AND FESTIVAL.

Widdicombe Fair. *Old Devon Song*	151
The Apple Wassail (Old Twelfth Day). *William Elton*	154
Wassail Song. *Old Somerset Song*	155
West-Country May-Day Carol. *Traditional*	156
The Hunt in Somerset. *C. Palk Collyns*	157
Song of the Exmoor Hunt. *Edward Capern*	159
Gwain to Feair. *William Barnes*	160

	Page
Mr. Templer's Address to his Old Horn. *Paul Treby*	161
The Hunt Toast—Exmoor. *"Nimrod"*	162
Village Sports, Somerset. *Walter Raymond*	163
A Do'set Wedding. *Orme Agnus*	165
Bridgwater Fair. *Somerset Song*	166
Somerset Merry-Makings. *Richard Warner*	167
Sheep-Shearing Song. *Traditional*	168
,, ,, *Unknown*	169
A New Yeares Gift sent to Sir Simeon Steward *Robert Herrick*	170
The Puppet-Show in the West. *Henry Fielding*	172
The Wake. *Robert Herrick*	174
John Barleycorn. *Anon.*	175
Weston-super-Mare. *Thomas Burke*	176
A Harvest Home. *R. D. Blackmore*	177
A West-Country Pageant. *Charles Kingsley*	179
Wincanton Fair. *Walter Raymond*	182
A Harvest Supper. *R. D. Blackmore*	183
Brocklesby Fair. *Old Folk-Song*	188

V.

SOME WEST-COUNTRY MEN.

Raleigh's Birthplace. *Charles G. Harper*	191
A Raleigh Memorial. *James Russell Lowell*	191
Coleridge at Clevedon. *S. T. Coleridge*	192
Southey at a Porlock Inn. *Robert Southey*	192
Arthur Hugh Hallam. *Alfred Tennyson*	193
Blake of Bridgwater. *Frank Bullen*	195
General Monk. *George Gumble*	197
Sir Bevill Grenville and the Battle of Lansdown. *Anon.*	198
Sir Bevil. *Clarendon, William Cartwright*	199

Page
The Earl of Totnes. *Old Ballad* . . . 200
Prince Charles upon his Coming to Exeter. *Robert Herrick* 203
To Sir John Berkley, Governour of Exeter. *Robert Herrick* 204
Sir Richard Grenville. *Charles Kingsley* . . 205
A Group of Poets at Nether Stowey. *Dorothy Wordsworth, William Hazlitt* . . . 208
Men of Devon. *Charles Kingsley* . . . 209
Sea Dogs of the West. *Charles Kingsley* . . 210
On Mr. Alcock of Bristol, an Excellent Miniature Painter. *Thomas Chatterton* . . 211
Two West-Country Epitaphs. *Anon., Alexander Pope.* 213
Beau Nash and Bath. *Charles G. Harper, Charles Tennyson Turner* 214
To The Right Hon. Edward Earle of Dorset. *Robert Herrick* 215
Song of the Western Men. *Robert Stephen Hawker* 216

VI.

The Childe of Bristow. *John Lydgate* . . 217

I.

WESTERN TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE.

The country of red earth, ruddy apples, rosy cheeks, and honest men.

RALEIGH.

At the back of the mill was an orchard, where the pink and red cider apples looked pleasant, and into this you might peer all a summer's day and dream boundless things.

Sir WALTER BESANT.

I have never seen finer country in England or out of it.

CHARLES II.

Somerset, that pleasant abode which rennith to the Severn Se.

FULLER.

THE HILLS OF MEMORY.

DEAR hills and vales of Somerset, whose pastures
bore and bred me,
Once more I lift mine eyelids to the West,
And wheresoe'er my truant hopes and broken
aims have led me,
Your ways are still the ways I love the best.
Have I left you then to wander —other promises
to ponder ?
Has the siren charm of London held me fast ?
Yet your recompense is set you, for we live not
to forget you,
And your children must return to you at last.

There is sunlight over Lansdown, where the
Beckford tower is gleaming,
But the lonely clump on Dunkerton is dark :
Every turn along the climbing hill I 've followed
in my dreaming,
As the sailor watches landward for the mark.
How I love to know and name you ! See, I come
once more to claim you
By the measure of old memories amain !
Take and make me what you knew me in the
vanished days—endue me
With the innocence of boyhood once again.

'Tis the white coach-road to Old Down, where we used to go a-skating—
They have built the outburnt hostelry anew,
And it whispers of the midnight mail before its portals waiting,
Ruddy host with flickering lamp and steaming brew,—
Quivering forms of fur and feather over Burnt Wood flee together,
As my wheel comes hissing sharply through the sand,
Then to climb the crest I rally, and before me in the valley
Spreads the glory of my sunny native land!

Straight to meet the sky it stretches, like a purple cloth and golden,
From the many-statued pinnacles of Wells,—
From the green and moated palace, with its sudden arches olden
Where the iron-armed crusaders beat the bells.
Yet the old familiar places are alive with unknown faces,
And—oh! comrades of the merry morn and mild,
E'en the blithe wings of the swallow find you far too far to follow
Where your tents confront the desert and the wild.

But the Tor, the Tor—our landmark!—lifts
above the sun and shadow;
And I fancy, through the mirage and the heat,
It must fill your dream-oases, like a monarch of
the meadow,
As we saw it from the willow road to Street.
Those were chivalrous romances that illumed
our boyish fancies—
Tales of Bedivere, and Arthur, and the sea—
You 've inherited their labour of the bugle and
the sabre,
And have left the life of commonplace to me.

* * * * *

Speed, my wheel, by sand and pebble, though the
road be soft and crumbling,
Over Creinton, over Othery, and Lyng;
Though behind the darkling Quantock Hills the
sulky thunder 's grumbling,
In the valley we can hear the thrushes sing.
See, the slim, blue Taunton towers in the vale of
corn and flowers!
Hark the cricket bat re-echoes to the ball!
And my heart springs up to meet them, with a
welcoming song to greet them,
Like the music that made melody to Saul.

Dear hills and vales of Somerset, the silver dusk
is falling :
The noonday of our pilgrimage is past.
Still, howsoever far we roam we hear your sweet
voice calling—
Your children must return to you at last.
And when for each tired rover the brief wandering
is over,
With its shrunken store of benefits and ills,
May we rest by one another on the bosom of our
Mother,
Sleeping dreamless in the shadow of your hills.

ARTHUR WAUGH (*Legends of the Wheel*).

WESTERN LANDSCAPES.

Our pen, therefore, shall imitate the expedition which it describes, and our history shall keep pace with the travellers who are its subject. Good writers will, indeed, do well to imitate the ingenious traveller in this instance, who always proportions his stay at any place to the beauties, elegancies, and curiosities which it affords. At Esher, at Stowe, at Wilton, at Eastbury, and at Prior's Park, days are too short for the ravished imagination; while we admire the wondrous power of art in improving nature. In some of these art chiefly engages our admiration; in others nature and art contend for our applause; but in the last the former seems to triumph. Here nature appears in her richest attire, and art, dressed with the modestest simplicity, attends her benignant mistress. Here nature, indeed, pours forth the choicest treasures which she hath lavished on this world, and here human nature presents you with an object which can only be exceeded in the other.

The same taste, the same imagination, which luxuriously riots in these elegant scenes, can be amused with objects of far infer or note. The woods, the rivers, the lawns of Devon and Dorset, attract the eye of the ingenious traveller, and retard his pace, which delay he afterwards compensates by swiftly scouring over the gloomy

heath of Bagshot, or that pleasant plain which extends itself westward from Stockbridge, where no other object than one single tree only in sixteen miles presents itself to the view, unless the clouds, in compassion to our tired spirits, kindly open their variegated mansions to our prospect.

HENRY FIELDING (*Tom Jones*).

A WESTERN HONEYMOON COUNTRY.

WE went first of all to Elysium for our honeymoon —that favourite resort of newly-wedded couples. It is a quaint little place, near the Western sea, lying amid turfy uplands like a toy town on a badly-rucked green tablecloth. The roofs of its houses are very red and the walls very white. It affects trim, green palings round its garden plots and clips its shrubs, and lops its trees with relentless, punctilious regularity. Nothing ever happens there, or has happened, or will happen, which is just an ideal state of things when all your world can be spanned by your two arms.

EDWIN PUGH (*The Mocking Bird*).

A WESTERN COAST.

After securing accommodations, and ordering a dinner at one of the inns, the next thing to be done was unquestionably to walk directly down to the sea. They were come too late in the year for any amusement or variety which Lyme, as a public place, might offer. The rooms were shut up, the lodgers almost all gone, scarcely any family but of the residents left; and as there is nothing to admire in the buildings themselves, the remarkable situation of the town, the principal street almost hurrying into the water, the walk to the Cobb, skirting round the pleasant little bay, which, in the season, is animated with bathing machines and company; the Cobb itself, its old wonders and new improvements, with the very beautiful line of cliffs, stretching out to the east of the town, are what the stranger's eye will seek; and a very strange stranger it must be who does not see charms in the immediate environs of Lyme to make him wish to know it better. The scenes in its neighbourhood, Charmouth, with its high grounds, and extensive sweeps of country, and still more its sweet, retired bay, backed by dark cliffs, where fragments of low rock among the sands make it the happiest spot for watching the flow of the tide, for sitting in unwearied contemplation; the woody varieties of the cheerful village of Up Lyme, and, above all,

Pinny, with its green chasms between romantic rocks, where the scattered forest trees and orchards of luxuriant growth declare that many a generation must have passed away since the first partial falling of the cliff prepared the ground for such a state, where a scene so wonderful and so lovely is exhibited, as may more than equal any of the resembling scenes of the far-famed Isle of Wight. These places must be visited, and visited again to make the worth of Lyme understood.

JANE AUSTEN (*Persuasion*).

ZUMMERZETZHIRE.

I, GOOD volks, be now come down
Vrum the wonderful pleace called Lunnon Town,
Where lords and leadies and dukes do ride
Wi' their coachmen and vootmen all zide by zide.
They bow and they quiz zo mighty queer,
I ne'er zeed the like in Zummerzetzhire,
Zummerzetzhire, Zummerzetzhire,
I ne'er zeed the like in Zummerzetzhire.

I looked about my betters to zee,
And I zeed my betters a looking to me;
They nodded and bowed and quizzed away,
Zo I nodded and bowed and quizzed to they.
So mighty good-tempered they all did appear,
Like the good-tempered volks in Zummerzetzhire.

I thought I 'd teake a walk one day,
And I walked and I walked till I 'd lost my way,
I axed a man where'er I could be,
"Why, in Lincoln's Inn Vields, you booby," zaid he.
"D 'ye call these vields," zays I, "these here?
"They beant like the vields in Zummerzetzhire."

Zo back I com'd to my own good town,
And away from Burg'water I wi' not roam,
We 'm slow but we 'm happy vor all the time,
And this brings about the end of my rhyme.
In Lunnon zome boobies you 'll vind, that 's clear,
And zome of the boobies of Zummerzetzhire!
Zummerzetzhire, Zummerzetzhire!

OLD SONG.

A WESTERN GARDEN.

BEHOLD me, half an hour later, clad in a blue jacket very tight at the elbows, and corduroy breeches very tight at the knees, and warm for the time of year, as I descended with Isabel into the walled garden at the back of the cottage. Its whole area cannot have been an acre, and even so the half of it was taken up by a plot of turf, smooth as a bowling green; but beyond this stretched a miniature orchard, and along the walls ran two deep borders crowded with midsummer flowers—tall white lilies and Canterbury bells, stocks, sweet williams, mignonette, candytuft and larkspurs; bushes of lemon verbena, myrtle, and the white everlasting pea. Near the house all was kept in nicest order, with trim ranks of standard roses marching level with the turfed verges, and tall carnations staked and bending towards them across the alley; but around the orchard all grew riotous. The orchard ended in a maze of currant bushes, through which the path seemed to wander after the sound of running water till it emerged upon another clearing of turf, with a tall filbert tree, and a summer-house beneath it, and a row of beehives set beside a stream.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.
(*Adventures of Harry Revel.*)

MY ORCHARD IN LINDEN LEA.

'Ithin the woodlands, flow'ry gleaded
By the woak tree's mossy root,
The sheenen grass-bleades, timber-sheaded,
Now do quiver under voot;
An' birds do whissle over head,
An' water 's bubblen in its bed,
An' there vor me the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves that leately wer a-springen,
Now do feade 'ithin the copse,
An' painted birds do hush their zingen
Up upon the timber's tops;
An' brown-leaved fruit 's a-turnen red,
In cloudless zunsheen over head,
Wi' fruit vor me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other voak meake money vaster
In the air o' dark-roomed towns,
I don't dread a peevish measter;
Though noo man do heed my frowns,
I be free to goo abrode,
Or teake agean my hwomeward road
To where, vor me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

William Barnes.

THE WESTERN WIND.

Voice of the western wind!
Thou singest from afar,
Rich with the music of a land
Where all my memories are;
But in thy song I only hear
The echo of a tone
That fell divinely on my ear
In days for ever flown.

Star of the western sky!
Thou beamest from afar
With lustre caught from eyes I knew
Whose orbs were each a star;
But, oh, those orbs—too wildly bright—
No more eclipse thine own,
And never shall I find the light
Of days for ever flown!

E. C. Stedman.

A WEST-COUNTRY HOMESTEAD.

To my thinking the most attractive dwelling is the manor house. It stands next to the church, and there is a wicket-gate opening from the garden into the churchyard. In front is a sloping lawn, equally divided by a broad paved path, having a mulberry tree upon the right hand and a drooping ash upon the left. Surrounding the trunk of each tree is a wooden seat, calling up visions of fragrant tobacco, of a cool drink, of quiet rest in the shade of a summer afternoon. The wall against the causeway is low and old, with wallflowers growing from the chinks.

The house itself is of the most homely simplicity. It has never grown or put forth wings, but remains in the form it took three centuries ago. The door is of oak, studded with nails, hanging by a pair of iron hinges wrought into a flowing pattern. The old latch is still there, and the heavy ring by which it is lifted serves also the purpose of a knocker, although there is an iron bell-handle hanging at the side. Above the door is an heraldic ornament, just a shield and mantling carved on a large, flat, square stone. The windows, two on each side of the door, and five above, are all of a size, with overhanging labels and upright bars between the mullions to support the small leaded panes. A well-pruned

pear tree spreads over the whole of the western end.

In the barton, on the side away from the church, is a large thatched barn. The great doors, although fairly sound, are old and weather-stained. The thatch is smooth and brown. You can see the yellow stacks in a mow-barton behind it as you pass down the road, and in a paddock close by is a dovecot. You can glimpse at the orchard and the tall mud wall, with a little ridge of thatch to keep off frost, that encloses the garden at the back of the house.

WALTER RAYMOND (*English Country Life*).

HAWTHORN IN THE WEST.

Now the leafless hollow whence every swallow
Once fled to follow the fleeting sun,
Hangs her bowers with the happiest flowers,
For the sweet soft showers of the year are done.
Her lovely limbs are aflame with blossom and flushed with a glad and lyric glee,
That makes the daytime of Dorset Maytime deeper beauty than men may see.

Her boughs break over the hedges and cover
Passionate lover and merry maid;
And bright leaves swinging move to the singing
Of brown birds bringing their joy to the glade.
Then pray we humbly a whispered prayer for the marvellous mercies above that be,
Filling the daytime of Dorset Maytime with beauty deeper than men may see.

GRACE FRANKFIELD.

THE WESTERN TONGUE.

At Dawlish the traveller first realises himself fully in the West. The view, the colour, the speech all proclaim it.

Ah! the old familiar cries of the West, they warm the heart with fires of remembrance. As the traveller comes down the line, so insensibly he comes into the districts where the soft slurring burr of the West of England prevails. . . . There are folk of primitive ways of thought and rugged speech up the valley, and their characteristics are those of old Devon, of whose peasantry it has been truly said: "They work hard, live hard, hold hard, and die hard." . . . As for their speech, all Devonians have that characteristic rich twist of the tongue which one cannot well convey in all its richness in paper and print, and up tu Ashcombe they talk in a way that no mortal man coming fresh to Devon can understand.

Charles G. Harper (*The South Devon Coast*).

WESTERN DOWNLAND.

ALMOST everybody knows, in our part of the world at least, how pleasant and soft the fall of the land is round about Plover's Barrows farm. All above it is strong dark mountain, spread with heath, and desolate, but near our house the valleys cove, and open warmth and shelter. Here are trees and bright green grass, and orchards full of contentment, and a man may scarce espy the brook, although he hears it everywhere. And indeed a stout good piece of it comes through our farmyard, and swells sometimes to a rush of waves, when the clouds are on the hill-tops. But all below, where the valley bends, and the Lynn stream goes along with it, pretty meadows slope their breast, and the sun spreads on the water.

R. D. BLACKMORE (*Lorna Doone*).

PRAISE O' DO'SET.

We Do'set, though we mid be hwomely,
Be'nt asheamed to own our pleace ;
An' we 've zome women not uncomely,
Nor asheamed to show their feace :
We 've a mead or two wo'th mowen,
We 've an ox or two wo'th showen,
In the village,
At the tillage,
Come along an' you shall find
That Do'set men don't sheame their kind.
Friend an' wife,
Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
Happy, happy be their life !
Vor Do'set dear,
Then gie woone cheer ;
D 'ye hear ? woone cheer !

If you in Do'set be a-roamen,
An' ha' business at a farm,
Then won't ye zee your eale a-foamen !
Or your zider down to warm ?
Woont ye have brown bread a-put ye,
An' some vinny cheese a-cut ye ?
Butter !—rools o 't !
Cream ?—why bowls o 't !
Woont ye have, in short, your vill,
A-gie'd wi' a right good will ?
Friend an' wife,
Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,

Happy, happy be their life!
Vor Do'set dear,
Then gie woone cheer,
D 'ye hear? woone cheer!

An' woont ye have vor every shillen,
Shillen's wo'th at any shop,
Though Do'set chaps be up to zellen,
An' can meake a tidy swop?
Use 'em well, they 'll use you better;
In good turns they woont be debtor.
An' so comely,
An' so hwomely,
Be the maidens, if your son
Tooke woone o'm, you 'd cry "Well done!"
Friend an' wife,
Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
Happy, happy be their life!
Vor Do'set dear,
Then gie woone cheer;
D 'ye hear? woone cheer!

If you do zee our good men travel,
Down a-voot, or on their meares,
Along the winden leanes o' gravel,
To the markets of the feairs—
Though their ho'ses cwoats be ragged,
Though the men be muddy-lagged,
Be they roughish
Be they gruffish,

They be sound, an' they will stand,
By what is right wi' heart an' hand.
Friend an' wife,
Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
Happy, happy be their life!
Vor Do'set dear,
Then gie woone cheer;
D 'ye hear? woone cheer!

WILLIAM BARNES.

ZUMMERSET.

Ef you do ax what land is blessed
Wi' works o' natur' o' the best,—
I never zeed such 'oodlands yet,
Nor vields, so fair as Zummerset.

Ef you do ax where volk do gie
Good cheer an' hospitality—
Zure, better cheer you 'll never get
Than in the hwomes o' Zummerset.

Ef you do ax vor sturdy men
Wi' zyve or plough, vor sword or pen—
Goo to the West, vor there, I 'll bet,
You 'll vind 'em down in Zummerset.

Ef you do ax where comely maids
Be fair as blooths in zunny glades—
What purtier maidens have 'ee met
Than theasemy o' Zummerset ?

Ef you do ax where shall I lie
When natur' zaays 'tis time to die—
Oh, come thik daay, may fortun' let
My bwones be laid in Zummerset.

R. R. C. Gregory.

DEVON.

Happy are they, who, through a wicket gate,
Catch the first glimpse, and let their horses wait:
A hollow scooped by Nature opens wide
The very lap of Spring in all her pride:
Orchards and gardens bursting into bloom,
The picture, paradise:—the air, perfume:
Shades beneath shades, with cottages between,
At once a sylvan and domestic scene:
Lead me to Anstey's Cove and Ilsham's shades,
That cove of loveliness—those sylvan glades;
That peaceful hamlet seated on the sea,
Dear to Devonia, memory, and me.

Matthew Bridges.

A DARTMOOR PICTURE.

A PEARLY clearness, caught from the clouds, characterised earth as well as air, and proved that every world picture depends for atmosphere and colour upon the sky picture extended above it. Again there was movement and some music, for the magic of the wind in a landscape's nearer planes is responsible for both. The wooded valley lay under a grey and breezy forenoon; swaying alders marked each intermittent gust with a silver ripple of upturned foliage, and still reaches of the river similarly answered the wind with hurrying flickers and furrows of dimpled light. Through its transparent flood, where the waters ran in shadow and escaped reflections, the river revealed a bed of ruddy brown and rich amber. This harmonious colouring proceeded from the pebbly bottom, where a medley of warm agate tones spread and shimmered, like some far-reaching mosaic beneath the crystal. Above Teign's shrunken current extended oak and ash, while her banks bore splendid concourse of the wild water-loving dwellers in that happy valley. Meadowsweet nodded creamy crests; hemlock and fool's parsley and seeding willow-herb crowded together beneath far-scattered filigree of honeysuckles and brambles with berries, some ripe, some red, while the scarlet corals of briar and white bryony gemmed every riotous trailing

thicket, dene and dingle along the river's brink, and in the grassy spaces between rose little chrysoprase steeples of wood sage all set in shining fern. Upon the boulders in mid-stream subaqueous mosses, now revealed and starved by the drought, died hard, and the seeds of grasses, fig-worts, and persicarias thrust up flower and foliage, flourishing in unwonted spots from which the next freshet would rudely tear them. Insect life did not abundantly manifest itself, for the day was sunless; but now and again, with crisp rattle of his gauze wings, a dragon-fly flashed along the river. Through these scenes the Teign rolled drowsily and with feeble pulses. Upon one bank rose the confines of Whiddon; on the other, abrupt and interspersed with gulleys of shattered shale, ascended huge slopes whereon a whole summer of sunshine had scorched the heather to dry death. But fading purple still gleamed here and there in points and splashes, and the lesser furze, mingling therewith, scattered gold upon the tremendous acclivities even to the crown of fir trees that towered remote and very blue upon the uplifted sky-line. Swallows, with white breasts flashing, circled over the river, and while their elevation above the water appeared at times tremendous, the abrupt steepness of the gorge was such that the birds almost brushed the hillside with their wings. A sledge, laden with the timber of barked sapling oaks, creaked and jingled over the rough road beside the stream;

a man called to his horses, and a dog barked beside him; then they disappeared, and the spacious scene was again empty, save for its manifold wild life and music.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS (*Children of the Mist*).

DARTMOOR.

WILD Dartmoor! Thou that midst thy mountains rude
Hast robed thyself with haughty solitude,
As a dark cloud on summer's clear blue sky—
A mourner circled with festivity,
For all beyond is life!—the rolling sea,
The rush, the swell, whose echoes reach not thee.
. . . Long centuries are flown,
Bowed many a crest, and shattered many a throne,
Mingling the urn, the trophy, and the bust,
With what they hide—their shrined and treasured dust.
But still the nameless chronicles of death,
Midst the deep silence of the unpeopled heath,
Stand in primeval artlessness, and wear
The same sepulchral mien, and almost share
The eternity of Nature, with the forms
Of the crowned hills beyond, the dwellings of the storms.

FELICIA HEMANS.

HOME AGAIN.

It was the beginning of wheat-harvest when I came to Dunster town, having walked all the way from London, and being somewhat footsore. For though five pounds was enough to keep me in food and lodging upon the road, and leave me many a shilling to give to far poorer travellers, it would have been nothing for horse-hire, as I knew too well by the prices Jeremy Stickles had paid upon our way to London. Now I never saw a prettier town than Dunster looked that evening, for, sooth to say, I had almost lost all hope of reaching it that night, although the castle was long in view. But being once there my troubles were gone, at least as regarded wayfaring.

In the morning all the Exmoor hills, the thoughts of which had frightened me at the end of each day's travel, seemed no more than bushels to me as I looked forth the bedroom window, and thanked God for the sight of them. And even so, I had not to climb them, at least by my own labour. For my most worthy uncle (as we often call a parent's cousin), finding it impossible to keep me for the day, and owning indeed that I was right in hastening to my mother, vowed that walk I should not, even though he lost his Saturday hides from Minehead and from Watchett. Accordingly he sent me forth on the very strongest nag he had, and the maidens came to wish me

God-speed, and kissed their hands at the doorway. It made me proud and glad to think that after seeing so much of the world, and having held my own with it, I was come once more among my own people, and found them kinder, and more warm-hearted, ay, and better-looking too, than almost any I had happened upon in the mighty city of London.

R. D. Blackmore (*Lorna Doone*).

THE WESTERN FOLK.

For you soon become a freeman of Boscastle: the natives adopt you with a goodly welcome, if only you take them as they are. Good, simple folk, they do not want your money, if you will but prove fair company. Our hostess of the "Brooklet," at the head of the harbour, a pretty young woman, all smiles and kindly heart, who had only just begun to entertain visitors, would, I am persuaded, have cheated herself a dozen times a week if we had not expostulated. And every one in Boscastle knew what every one else had for dinner. There was nothing else for the women to talk about. For themselves, like the monk in the poem, they "do not eat much solid meat." My hostess had been married six years, but she and her husband had never ordered a joint. They all live on Cornish pasties—long, pale meat pies, in which bacon and potatoes, eggs and onions, are chopped up into a mince. You get a variety of flavours, but one doubts the digestive virtues of the meal. As for fish, though they have caught it themselves at three o'clock in the morning, they would scorn to eat it. Familiarity has induced contempt. What we left on the dish found its way into the dust-bin.

Arthur Waugh.

ON THE ROAD—TAUNTON WAY.

Mine are the joys of the hedgerow and highway,
Sunshine and shadow and volleying showers;
There, where the pastures lie purple, is my way,
There are my friends, the small honey-sweet flowers.

Now, in the season of song and romancing,
Breasting the hills to the infinite yonder,
Lusty of limb, and with young hearts a-dancing,
True-Love and I through the greeneries wander.

And at the last, when the darknesses cover
All that was lovely in loveliest May-time,
In the sweet grass, when the journey is over,
Silver sleep girds us for gold-footed daytime.

Thomas Burke.

DEVON (a bad-tempered view).

You may say what you will of Devonshire: the truth is, it is a splashy, rainy, misty, snowy, foggy, haily, floody, muddy, slipshod county. The hills are very beautiful when you get a sight of 'em; the primroses are out, but you are in; the cliffs are of a fine deep colour, but then the clouds are continually vieing with them. . . . The flowers here wait as naturally for the rain twice a day as mussels do for the tide. This Devonshire is like Lydia Languish, very entertaining when it smiles, but cursedly subject to sympathetic moisture.

JOHN KEATS.

DEVON (a later view).

THERE 's Bishop's Teign,
And King's Teign
And Coombe at the clear Teignhead—
Where close by the stream
You may have your cream
All spread upon barley bread.
There is Newton Marsh,
With its spear-grass harsh,
A pleasant summer level,
Where the maidens sweet
Of the Market Street
Do meet in the dusk to revel.

JOHN KEATS.

BIDEFORD.

All who have travelled through the delicious scenery of North Devon must needs know the little white town of Bideford, which slopes upwards from its broad tide-river paved with yellow sands, and many-arched old bridge where salmon wait for autumn floods, toward the pleasant upland on the west. Above the town the hills close in, cushioned with deep oak woods, through which juts here and there a crag of fern-fringed slate; below they lower, and open more and more in softly-rounded knolls and fertile squares of red and green, till they sink into the wide expanse of hazy flats, rich salt marshes, and rolling sand-hills, where Torridge joins her sister Taw, and both together flow quietly toward the broad surges of the bar, and the everlasting thunder of the long Atlantic swell. Pleasantly the old town stands there, beneath its soft Italian sky, fanned day and night by the fresh ocean breeze, which forbids alike the keen winter frosts and the fierce thunder heats of the midland; and pleasantly it has stood there for now, perhaps, eight hundred years, since the first Grenvile, cousin of the Conqueror, returning from the conquest of South Wales, drew round him trusty Saxon serfs, and free Norse rovers with their golden curls, and dark Silurian Britons from the Swansea shore, and all the mingled

blood which still gives to the seaward folk of the next county their strength and intellect, and even in these levelling days their peculiar beauty of face and form.

But at the time whereof I write, Bideford was not merely a pleasant country town, whose quay was haunted by a few coasting craft. It was one of the chief ports of England ; it furnished seven ships to fight the Armada. Even more than a century afterwards, say the chroniclers, " it sent more vessels to the northern trade than any port in England, saving (strange juxtaposition !) London and Topsham," and was the centre of a local civilisation and enterprise—small, perhaps, compared with the vast efforts of the present day ; but who dare despise the day of small things, if it has proved to be the dawn of mighty ones ? And it is to the sea-life and labour of Bideford, and Dartmouth, and Topsham, and Plymouth (then a petty place), and many another little western town, that England owes the foundation of her naval and commercial glory. It was the men of Devon, the Drakes and Hawkinses, Gilberts and Raleighs, Grenviles and Oxenhams, and a host more of " forgotten worthies," whom we shall learn one day to honour as they deserve, to whom she owes her commerce, her colonies, her very existence.

CHARLES KINGSLEY (*Westward Ho !*).

GLASTONBURY.

On thy green marge, thou vale of Avalon,
Not for that thou art crowned with ancient towers,
And shafts and clustered pillars, many a one,
Love I to dream away the sunny hours;
Not that for here in charmed slumber lie
The holy relics of that British king
Who was the flower of knightly chivalry,
Do I stand blest past power of uttering;
But for that on thy cowslip-sprinkled sod
Alit of old the olive-bearing bird,
Meek messenger of purchased peace with God
And the first hymns that Britain ever heard
Arose, the low preluding melodies
To the sweetest anthem that hath reached the skies.

Henry Alford.

The island valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns,
And bowery hollows crowned with summer seas.

Alfred Tennyson (*The Passing of Arthur*).

A WESTERN STREAM.

I 've never known a fairer scene,
  A beauty matched with thine, sweet Dart!
Thou leavest, like some passing dream,
  An endless memory in the heart.
Like gems upon the brow of sleep
  The moonbeams on thy waters rest;
And I could almost turn and weep,
  So strangely do they move my breast

I would my life were like thy stream,
  O silent and majestic Dart!
Of what wild beauties should I dream,
  What visions sweet would throng my heart!
Eternal pleasures round my way
  Would never cease to rise and shine;
And, girt with beauty day by day,
  Oh, what a matchless course were mine!

SIDNEY HODGES.

THE GLORIOUS WEST—A SHEAF OF TRIBUTES.

Otterton is thoroughly Devonian. What it is to be so will, perhaps, not be understood by those unfamiliar with rustic Devon; but here is the recipe for such a characteristic place. Take an Irish, a Welsh, a Highland, and a Breton village, stir them up well in a fine, confused Celtic medley, add abundance of flowers, wild and cultivated, and then leave in the sun.

Charles G. Harper.

There flowers our own sweet apple blossom;
  There the wide-spreading orchards be
That stretch from Mendips' rocky bosom
  Down to the golden Severn sea.
A land of many a village nestling,
  Each in its little shady combe,
Where lads are strong for work or wrestling,
  And maidens like a rose in bloom.

Anon.

Oh, Devon, Mother Devon, dear country of the West,
Thine is the joy of living, thine is the peace of rest.

Old Song.

Oh, Bideford is a pleasant place, it shines where
it stands,
And the more I look upon it, the more my heart
it warms ;
For there are fair young lasses, in rows upon the
quay,
To welcome gallant mariners when they come
home from say.

Old Song.

For oh, it 's the herrings and the good brown beef,
And the cider and the cream so white ;
Oh, they are the making of the jolly Devon lads,
For to play, and eke to fight.

Devon Song.

THE COOMBES OF DEVON.

Even such are those delightful glens which cut the high table-land of the confines of Devon and Cornwall, and opening each through its gorge of down and rock, towards the boundless Western Ocean. Each is like the other, and each is like no other English scenery. Each has its upright walls, inland of rich oak-wood, nearer the sea of dark-green furze, then of smooth turf, then of weird black cliffs, which range out right and left far into the deep sea, in castles, spires, and wings of jagged ironstone. Each has its narrow strip of fertile meadow, its crystal trout stream winding across and across from one hill-foot to the other; its gray stone mill, with the water sparkling and humming round the dripping wheel; its dark rock pools above the tide mark, where the salmon trout gather in from their Atlantic wanderings, after each autumn flood; its ridge of blown sand, bright with golden trefoil and crimson lady's finger; its gray bank of polished pebbles, down which the stream rattles toward the sea below. Each has its black field of jagged shark's-tooth rock which paves the cove from side to side, streaked with here and there a pink line of shell sand, and laced with white foam from the eternal surge, stretching in parallel lines out to the westward, in strata set upright on edge, or tilted towards each other at strange angles by primeval

earthquakes. Such is the "Mouth," as those coves are called, and such the jaw of teeth which they display, one rasp of which would grind abroad the timbers of the stoutest ship. To landward, all richness, softness, and peace; to seaward, a waste and howling wilderness of rock and roller, barren to the fisherman, and hopeless to the shipwrecked mariner.

CHARLES KINGSLEY (*Westward Ho!*).

QUEEN OF THE WEST.

Lonely the road remains, passing the scattered cottages of Rockbeare, and the depressing outlying houses of Honiton Clyst, situated on the little river Clyst, with the first of the characteristic old red sandstone church towers of the South Devon looking down upon the road from the midst of embowering foliage. Then the squalid east end of Exeter and the long street of Heavitree, where Exeter burnt her martyrs, come into view, and there, away in front, with its skyline of towers and spires, is Exeter, displayed in profile for the admiration of all who have journeyed these many miles to where she sits in regal grandeur upon her hill that descends until its feet are bathed in the waters of her godmother the Exe. Her streets are steep, and her site dignified. . . . Wayfarers approaching from any direction brace themselves, and draw deep breaths preparatory to scaling the streets, which at a distance assume abrupt vistas. Villas with spacious gardens, and snug, prebendal-looking houses, eloquent of a thousand a year and cellars full of old port, clothe the lower slopes of this rising ground, to give place by degrees to streets which, as the traveller advances, grow narrower and more crooked, their lines of houses becoming ever older, more picturesque,

and loftier as they near the heart of the city. Modernity inhabits the environs, antiquity is seated, impressive, in the centre, where, on a plateau, closely hemmed in from the bustling, secular life of the streets, rises the sombre mass of the cathedral, the pride of this western land.

CHARLES G. HARPER (*The Exeter Road*).

DARTSIDE.

I CANNOT tell what you say, green leaves,
  I cannot tell what you say ;
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
  And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what you say, rosy rocks,
  I cannot tell what you say,
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
  And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what you say, brown streams,
  I cannot tell what you say,
But I know that in you, too, a spirit doth live,
  And a word doth speak this day.

Oh, green is the colour of faith and truth,
And rose the colour of love and youth,
  And brown of the fruitful clay ;
Sweet earth is faithful, and fruitful, and young,
And her bridal day shall come ere long,
And you shall know what the rocks and the
      streams
  And the whispering woodlands say.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

DORCHESTER—A DISASTER.

THE fier began between the hours of two and three in the afternoone, the wind blowing very strong, and increased so mightily that, in very short space, the most part of the towne was fiefed, which burned so extreamly, the weather being hot and the houses dry, that help of man grew almost past. . . . The inhabitantes of the neighbouring townes and villages, at the feareful sight of the red blazing element, ran in multitudes to assist, proffering the dear venture of their lives to oppresse the rigour of the fier, but all too late they came, and to small purpose showed they their willing minds, for almost every streete was filled with flame, every place burning beyond help and recovery. Their might they in wofull manner behold merchants' warehouses full of rich commodities on a flaming fier, garners of breade corn consuming, multitudes of woollen and Linnen Clothes burned into ashes, Gold and Silver melted with brass, Pewter, and Copper, and all manner of rich stuffs, made fewell to increase this universe sole conquerour. . . . Dorchester was a famous towne, now a heap of ashes for travellers that passe by to sigh at. Oh, Dorchester, wel maist thou mourn for those thy great losses, for never had English Towne the like unto thee. . . . A loss so unrecoverable that valesse the whole land in pitty set to their

devotions, it is like never to reobtaine the former estate, but continue like ruinated Troy, or decayed Carthage.

"FIRE FROM HEAVEN," 1613.

ANON.

LINES COMPOSED WHILE CLIMBING THE LEFT ASCENT OF BROCKLEY COOMB, SOMERSETSHIRE, MAY, 1795.

WITH many a pause and oft reverted eye
I climb the Coomb's ascent: sweet songsters near
Warble in shade their wild wood melody:
Far off the unvarying cuckoo soothes my ear.
Up scour the startling stragglers of the flock,
That on green plots o'er precipices browze:
From the forced fissures of the naked rock
The yew tree bursts! Beneath its dark green boughs
(Mid which the May-thorn blends its blossoms white)
Where broad smooth stones jut out in mossy seats,
I rest—and now have gained the topmost site.
Ah! what a luxury of landscape meets
My gaze! Proud towers, and cots more dear to me,
Elm-shadow'd fields, and prospect-bounding sea!
Deep sighs my lonely heart: I drop the tear:
Enchanting spot! O were my Sara here!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

JARGE O' ZUMMERSET AND THE TAICHERS.

Vrom up along, out o' the North,
Vrom down along, out o' the West,
Vrom Zouth an' East they d' bustly vorth,
Vor the County o' Counties the best,
Vor the land o' legend an' lore,
Vor the land o' zider an' cheese,
Vor a township zet on a zunny shore,—
And a whiff o' the zoft sea breeze.

Zummerset legend an' lore!
Ooll'ee drame o' the daays gone by?
Into the maze o' the misty yore
Doo'ee like vor to peep an' to pry?
Then goo to wold Glaston's town
An' stud o' the vlight o' time:
The gurt high Tar, his grassy crown,
Taake courage, and braavely climb.

'Twer to Glaston Joseph did goo,
An' planted his staff o' tharn,
That rooted, and growed, an' bloomed anew,
On every Christmas marn,
At Glaston, Arthur d' bide,
Mingled wi' Glaston's claay,
Wi' Guinevere turned into dust at his zide,
Waitin' the last gurt daay.

Ooll'ee creepy under the ground ?
Droo Mendip's hollows prowl ?
In Cheddar's Caves your plaace 'ull be vound,
Or the Caverns o' Wookey Hole.
Oh, unket is Wookey Hole,
Wheer in gloomy zilence alooane,
Thik witch—the wicked wold soul—
Bides, chaanged to a clammy stooane !

Ooll'ee look on the work o' man,
" Wold-ancient " builders' art ?
Then goo, an' the Zummerset churches scan—
The picter 'ull waarm thy heart.
The gurt mother church at Wells,
Bath's wold gray pile zo grand—
In every village a tower tells
O' the art o' the mason's hand.

Oh, Bladud Bath did build :
An' the Devil he viddled at Chew :
On banks o' Tone, when Ina willed
The walls o' wold Taunton grew :
Of Alfred, volk d' tell,
When at Athelney, midst o' the laakes,
How the wold ooman did cuss him well,
Vor the zaake o' a vew burnt caakes.

An' Dunstan, a Zummerset man
Wi' the Devil did wrastle an' vight :
An' Roger Baacon, in Zummerset barn,
Wer' a Taicher o' Larning an' Light :

Wolsey had more 'n his share
O' troubles, an' kickings, an' knocks—
But they larned he zummat at Ilchester,
When he zat in the parish stocks.

Wi' Taichers, zome volk d' hold
Johnny Locke vust plaace d' taake—
An' Cabot wer' bwoldest o' zailors bwold:
An' o' vighters, what about Blaake?
John Pym wer' a Lawyer, d'ye zee,
Who 'd argy an' talky—vor paay:
An' wold John Bull, you d' know about he,
An' his zong you d' zingy to-daay.

Oh, I could zing 'ee a zong—
Ef zo be as my wind ood last—
A zong wi' a hunderd varses long,
O' Zummerset's vamous past.
O' Heroes o' land and o' zaay,
O' Labour, an' Larning, an' Lore,
O' the work o' Zummerset volk awaay,
On many a var off shore.

But I must gi'e out now—
Zo, let I sheake thy hand,
"Welcome to Zummerset," I d' vow,
Is the word o' the western land.
"Welcome, Oh, Taichers All
To Weston, an' Weston's joys.
Luck on thy argymentations vall,
Vor the zaake o' the maids an' the bwoys."

R. R. C. Gregory.

II.

THE CHARM OF BRISTOL AND BATH.

All ship-shape and Bristol fashion.

OLD PROVERB.

Bristol for parsons and prize-fighters.

HAZLITT.

What a glorious old city is Bristol! . . . . Bristol is warm, glowing and picturesque.

MARY WHITFORD.

St. Mary Redcliff leads the van of all parochial churches in England.

FULLER'S *Worthies.*

ON OURE LADYE'S CHYRCHE, BRISTOWE.

(ST. MARY REDCLIFFE.)

Stay, curious traveller, and pass not by,
Until this fetive pile astound thine eye.
Whole rocks on rocks with iron joynd survey,
And okes with okes entremed disposed lie.
This mighty pile, that keeps the winds at bay,
And lightning and the gloomy storm defy,
That shoots aloof into the realms of day,
Shall be the record of the builder's fame for aye.

Thou seest this mastery of a human hand,
The pride of Bristowe and the Western land,
Yet is the builder's vertues much more greete,
Greeter than can by Rowlie's pen be scann'd.
Thou seest the saintes and kinges in stonen state,
That seemd with breath and human soule dispande,
As 'pared to us enseem these men of slate,
Such is great Canynge's mind when 'pared to God elate.

Well mayst thou be astounde, but view it well;
Go not from hence before thou see thy fill,
And leam the builder's vertues and his name;
Of this tall spyre in every countrye tell,
And with thy tale the lazing rych men shame;
See how the glorious Canynge did excell;
How he good man a friend for kynges became,
And glorious paved at once the way to heaven and fame.

Thomas Chatterton.

THE HONOUR OF BRISTOL.

(*Showing how the "Angel Gabriel" of Bristol fought with three Spanish ships, wherein were killed five hundred of their men, and wounded many more, and made them flee into Cadiz, where we lost but three men, to the honour of the "Angel Gabriel" of Bristol.*)

ATTEND you and give ear awhile,
And you shall understand,
Of a battle fought on the high seas
By a ship of brave command:
That fight it was so famous
That all men's hearts did fill,
And made them cry: "To sea
With the *Angel Gabriel!*"

That lusty ship of Bristol
Sailed out right gallantly
Against the foes of England,
Her strength with them to try:
"Would we with them might meet,
We fain would greet them well;
We would play a noble bout
With our *Angel Gabriel.*"

They had no sooner spoken,
But straight appeared in sight
Three lusty Spanish vessels
Of doughty force and might;
With bloody resolution
They thought our men to quell,
And vowed to make a prize
Of our *Angel Gabriel.*

Then first came up their *Admiral*,
Themselves for to advance;
In her she bore full forty-eight
Pieces of ordinance.
The next that then came near us
Was their *Vice-Admiral*,
Which shot most furiously down
On our *Angel Gabriel*.

Our Captain to our Master said,
"Take courage, Master bold,"
The Master to the seamen said,
"Stand fast, my hearts of gold."
The Gunner unto all the rest,
"Brave hearts, be valiant: well
Let us fight in the defence
Of our *Angel Gabriel*."

We gave them first a broadside
Which tore their mast asunder,
And shot the bowsprit from their ship,
Which made those Spaniards wonder;
And made them cry aloud,
With one voice, like a bell,
"Help, help, or else we 're sunk
By their *Angel Gabriel!*"

Yet desperately they boarded us
For all our valiant shot.
Three score of their best fighting men
Upon our deck there got.

But straight at their first entrance
Full thirty did we kill,
And thus we cleared the decks
Of our *Angel Gabriel.*

And then their three ships boarded us
Again with might and main,
But still our valiant Englishmen
Cried out, " A fig for Spain ! "
Though seven times they boarded us,
We still received them well,
And made them feel the force
Of our *Angel Gabriel.*

Seven hours this fight continued,
Till many men lay dead,
And with the streams of Spanish blood
The sea was coloured red.
Five hundred of their sailors died
Without a funeral knell,
And many more were maimed
By the *Angel Gabriel.*

We had within our English ship,
But only three men slain,
And five men hurt, the which I hope
Will soon be well again.
At Bristol we were landed,
And let us praise God well
That thus hath blessed our Bristol men
And our *Angel Gabriel.*

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BALLAD.

THE BRAVE BOYS OF BRISTOL.

BRISTOL Boys come side with me,
For I do here declare,
Such bonny Lads you seldom see,
None with them may compare.
Tune is: "Hey boys up go we," "Jenny Gin,"
"Butie Fame," or "Russels Farewel."

* * * * *

BRAVE Bristol Boys, where e're you be,
Come listen unto my Song,
And sing the Chorus now with me,
It doth to you belong:
We are the best and briskest Lads,
That Mortals ever see,
Come here 's a Health to all our Dads,
Brave *Bristol* Boys are we.

Our Princely King and Country too,
We love with all our hearts,
Unto the Crown we will be true,
To add to our deserts:
For King and Country we will fight,
If any cause there be,
In Loyalty we do delight,
Brave *Bristol* Boys are we.

Sedition we will now despise,
And Lawful Power obey,
Who contradicts it is not wise,
Then mind me what I say:

Let Bristol Boys to Charles the Great,
For e'er Obedient be,
And then the Nation all will say 't,
Brave *Bristol* Boys are we.

Besides, in *Bristol* City fair,
Brave bonny Girls there be,
Whose breaths almost perfume the air,
And harbour Loyalty:
When Bristol Girls and Bristol Boys,
Together you do see,
Oh then begins the heighth of Joys,
Brave *Bristol* Boys are we.

Oh come then let us merry be,
The Spring will soon be here,
And then you 'l see the blooming Tree,
In mornings drop a tear:
And to each faithful loving heart,
Obedient seem to be,
Yet this is not half our desert,
Such *Bristol* Boys are we.

In Sommerset and Glocester-shires,
There 's Bonny Lads also,
That for their King and Country fears,
Not through the world to go:
God bless their hearts, that their deserts,
May ever prosperous be,
Thus night and day, for Charles we pray,
Brave *Bristol* Boys are we.

God bless and send him long to Reign,
Within our Brittish Isle,

When he is dead we may complain,
But Heaven I hope will smile:
And give him many happy years,
From doubts to keep us free,
Whose Life doth banish all our fears,
Such Loyal boys are we.

Come give us the Carrousing Bowl,
And let us briskly Drink,
A Health to every Loyal Soul,
Let no man from it shrink:
But with an honest English heart,
Express his Loyalty,
That all may say before we part,
Brave *Bristol* Boys are we.

Now to the merry Bristol Maids,
Let us have one Carrouse,
He that from this our minds perswades,
Cannot be worth a Lowse:
Come fill the Glass, and let it pass
Quite through the Company,
For well we love a Bristol Lass,
And Brave *Bristol* Boys are we.

All you that hear me what I say,
Pray take you no offence,
But if I do the wanton play,
It is through Innocence:
If I in Bristol City were,
How happy should I be,
And when I happen to be there,
I 'le cry, brave Boys are we.

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BALLAD
(From a print in the Bodleian Library.)

THE LADIES OF BRISTOL (A West-Country Ballad).

The incident commemorated in the following ballad occurred in the first year of the Civil War. The prompt action of the ladies decided the fate of the town.

King Charles' cavaliers came a-prancing and a-dancing,
A-dancing and a-prancing unto Bristol;
Sir Ferdinando Gorges with horse and foot advancing
To the grim old walls of Bristol.
"Soho! you rogues or Roundheads, which ever title fit ye:
Let in our loyal regiments to garrison your city!
Or we'll have to batter you, and that would be a pity:
Ye Roundhead rebels of Bristol City!
Ranting, canting knaves of Bristol!"

Out spake Richard Aldworth, where the Council sat debating
In the corporation hall of Bristol:
"What be us to do? Us can't keep the gentry waiting!"
Said the undecided Mayor of Bristol.
"But Essex stands at Frome Gate with the Parliamentary forces;
And it caddles me to say what Bristol's wisest course is:
Shall us ope' to friend or foe? What 's the sense of this committee?"
Said the hesitating Mayor of Bristol City,
The tersy-versy Mayor of Bristol!

Aldermen and Councillors their several minds did render,
Disputing on the fate of Bristol.
Some were keen for fighting, but the most advised surrender,
The crumbling, tumbling walls of Bristol.
But ere they took the vote there was heard a sudden knocking
And a crowd of pretty ladies into the hall came flocking.
And the leader of them all, it was charming Mistress Kitty:
Mistress Kitty Aldworth of Bristol City,
Lady of the Mayor of Bristol.

"Are ye mad, or fools, or traitors?" the lady cried, indignant.
"What would ye do, ye men of Bristol?
D'ye quake to hear the bluster of yonder proud malignant?
Do we breed cowards now at Bristol?
Break off this impious parley with Amalek and Edom,
And welcome him who draws his sword for faith and freedom,
Our noble General Essex, the handsome, brave, and witty!
For he's the man to keep the walls of Bristol City,
And protect us timid dames of Bristol!"

The Mayor grew red 's a peony, and his dignity was awful.
Says he : " 'Tis I be Mayor of Bristol,
And you 'm my wife, to honour and obey in all things lawful :
A zample to the wives of Bristol.
So you may take my orders to Zechariah Saunders,
To open our south gate to the Parliament commanders :—
'Stead o' dido-dandering here, which I don't consider fitty ! "
Said the proper-minded Mayor of Bristol City,
Said the well-conducted Mayor of Bristol.

Then answered Mistress Aldworth : " I bow to your correction.
Now you speak like the Mayor of Bristol !
' Let women be in silence, and learn with due subjection,'
As all good women do at Bristol.
But you needn't open Frome Gate ; we 've done it a'ready !
Just look out into Wine Street, you 'll see them marching steady,
With their trumpets and their banners a-marching very pretty,
All for to take possession of Bristol City,
The godly, quiet town of Bristol ! "

So Bristol town was saved by the ladies' petty
treason :
And Essex kept the forts of Bristol.
Rupert came ere long and banged them for a
season ;
But he broke his finest teeth on Bristol.
And if to-day an English tongue may chatter as
it pleases,
'Thout fear of Laud's pillory or Charles' Little
Eases :
Why, we may thank those burghers so sturdy
and so gritty ;
Likewise the gallant ladies of Bristol City,
Those prompt and ready dames of Bristol.

EDWARD SYDNEY TYLEE.

PEPYS' VISIT TO BRISTOL.

Up to go to Bristol about eleven o'clock, and paying my landlord that was our guide from Chiltern 10s., and the sergeant of the bath 10s., and the man that carried us in chairs 3s. 6d., set out toward Bristoll, and come thither, the way bad, (in coach hired to spare our own horses,) but country good, about two o'clock; where set down at the Horse-shoe, and there being trimmed by a very handsome fellow, 2s., walked with my wife and people through the city, which is in every respect another London, that one can hardly know it to stand in the country no more than that. No carts, it standing generally on vaults, only dog-carts. So to the Three Crowns Tavern I was directed; but when I came in, the master told me he had newly given over the selling of wine; it seems grown rich: and so went to the Sun; and there Deb. going with W. Hewer and Betty Turner to see her uncle, and leaving my wife with the mistress of the house, I to see the quay, which is a most large and noble place; and to see the new ship building by Bally, neither he nor Furzer* being in town. It will be a fine ship. Spoke with the foreman, and did give the boys that kept the cabin 2s. Walked back to the Sun, where I find Deb. come back, and with her, her uncle, a

* Daniel Furzer, Surveyor to the Navy.

sober merchant, very good company, and so like one of our sober wealthy London merchants as pleased me mightily. Here we dined, and much good talk with him, 7s. 6d.: a messenger to Sir John Knight,* who was not at home, 6d. Then walked with him and my wife and company round the quay, and to the ship; and he showed me the Custom-house, and made me understand many things of the place, and led us through Marsh-street, where our girl was born. But, Lord! the joy that was among the old poor people of the place, to see Mrs. Willet's daughter, it seems her mother being a brave woman and mightily beloved! And so brought us a back way by surprise to his house; where a substantial good house, and well furnished; and did give us good entertainment of strawberries, a whole venison-pasty cold, and plenty of brave wine, and above all Bristol milk. . . . . So thence took leave and he with us through the city; where in walking I find the city pay him great respect, and he the like to the meanest, which pleased me mightily. He showed me the place where the merchants meet here, and a fine cross yet standing, like Cheapside. And so to the Horse-shoe, where paid the reckoning 2s. 6d.

SAMUEL PEPYS (*Diary*).

* Mayor of Bristol in 1663, and M.P. for the city.

ALEXANDER POPE AT BRISTOL.

THEN you come first to the old walls (Temple Gate), and over a bridge built on both sides like London Bridge, and as much crowded, with a strange mixture of seamen, women, children, loaded horses, asses, and sledges with goods, dragging along all together without posts to separate them. From thence you come to a key along the old wall, with houses on both sides, and in the middle of the street, as far as you can see, hundreds of ships, their masts as thick as they can stand by one another, which is the oddest and most surprising sight imaginable. This street is fuller of them than the Thames from London Bridge to Deptford. . . .

Passing still along by the river, you come to a rocky way on one side, overlooking green hills on the other ; on that rocky way rise several white houses, and over them red rocks, and as you go further more rocks above rocks mixed with green bushes and of different coloured stone. This at a mile's end terminates in the house of the Well. . . . When you have seen the hills, which seem to shut in upon you, and to stop any further way, you go into the house (p—p-room) and look out at the back door. A vast rock of an hundred feet of red, white, green, blue, and yellowish marble, all blotched and variegated, strikes you quite in the face, and turning on the

left there opens the river at a vast depth below, winding in and out, and accompanied on both sides with a continued range of rocks up into the clouds of a hundred colours, one behind another. . . . Upon the top of those high rocks there runs a large down of fine turf for about three miles. It looks too frightful to approach the brink, and look down upon the river. . . . There is a little village upon this down called Clifton, where are very pretty lodging houses, and steep cliffs and very green valleys. . . . I am told that one may ride ten miles further on an even turf, on a ridge that on one side views the river Severn. . . .

The streets are as crowded as London; but the best image I can give you of it is, 'tis as if Wapping and Southwark were ten times as big, or all their people ran into London.

ALEXANDER POPE (*Letters to a friend*).

LYDIA MELFORD FINDS CLIFTON AGREEABLE.

We set out for Bath to-morrow, and I am almost sorry for it, as I begin to be in love with solitude, and this is a charming romantic place. The air is so pure ; the Downs so agreeable ; the furze in full blossom ; the ground enamelled with daisies, and primroses, and cowslips ; all the trees bursting into leaves, and hedges already clothed with their vernal livery ; the mountains covered with flocks of sheep, and tender bleating wanton lambkins playing, frisking, and skipping from side to side ; the groves resound with the notes of the blackbird, thrush, and linnet, and all night long sweet Philomel pours forth her ravishingly delightful song. Then, for variety, we go down to the *Nymph of Bristol spring*, where the company is assembled before dinner ; so good-natured, so free, so easy, and there we drink the water so clear, so pure, so mild, so charmingly mawkish. There the sun is so cheerful and reviving, the weather so soft, the walk so agreeable, the prospect so amusing, and the ships and boats going up and down the river, close under the windows of the pump-room, afford such an enchanting variety of moving pictures as require a much abler pen than mine to describe.

Tobias Smollett (*Humphry Clinker*).

CLIFTON.

Clifton, sweet village! now demands the lay,
The lov'd retreat of all the rich and gay;
The darling spot which pining maidens seek,
To give health's roses to the pallid cheek.
Warm from its font the holy water pours,
And lures the sick to Clifton's neighbouring bowers.
Let bright Hygeia her glad reign resume,
And o'er each sickly form renew her bloom.
Me, whom no fell disease this hour compels
To visit Bristol's celebrated wells,
Far other motives prompt my eager view;
My heart can here its fav'rite bent pursue,
Here can I gaze, and pause, and muse between,
And draw some moral truth from ev'ry scene.
Yon dusky rocks, that from the stream arise
In rude rough grandeur, threat the distant skies,
Seem as if Nature in a painful throe,
With dire convulsions, lab'ring to and fro,
(To give the boiling waves a ready vent)
At one dread stroke the solid mountain rent;
The huge cleft rocks transmit to distant fame,
The sacred gilding of a good saint's name.
Now round the varied scene attention turns
Her ready eye—my soul with ardour burns;
For on that spot my glowing fancy dwells,
Where Cenotaph its mournful story tells—
How Britain's heroes, true to Honour's laws,

Fell, bravely fighting in their country's cause.
But tho' in distant fields your limbs are laid,
In Fame's long list your glories ne'er will fade ;
But blooming still beyond the gripe of death,
Fear not the blast of Time's inclouding breath.
Your generous leader rais'd this stone to say,
You follow'd still where Honour led the way ;
And by this tribute, which his pity pays,
Twines his own virtues with his soldiers' praise.
Now Brandon's cliffs my wand'ring gazes meet,
Whose craggy surface mocks the ling'ring feet ;
Queen Bess's gift (so ancient legends say)
To Bristol's fair ; where to the sun's warm ray
On the rough bush the linen white they spread,
Or deck with russet leaves the mossy bed.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

A BRISTOL ESTATE.

I AM not good at descriptions of landscape-gardening, but I like all the formalities of cropt lawns and clipt trees, and I would fain have the reader, if I could, stand with me at the window within the house which gives the best sight of these glories. That exterior part of the interior which is shown to the public in great houses seems wastefully rather than tastefully splendid. The life of the place could hardly be inferred from it; but there was a touch of gentle intimacy in the photograph, lying on one of the curiously costly tables, of the fair and sweet young girl who had lately become the lady of all that magnificence. She looked like so many another pretty creature in any land or clime that it was difficult to realise her state even with the help of the awed flunky who was showing the stranger through. . . . The American newly arrived will be confronted with a stronghold of the past which he will not be able to overthrow perhaps during his whole stay in England, though he should spend the summer. Immemorial custom is entrenched there not only in the picturesqueness, the beauty, the charm, but the silent inexpugnable possession which time from the beginning has been fortifying. The outside has been made as goodly as possible, but within is the relentless greed of ages, fed strong with the prey of poverty and toil. But

let him not rashly fling himself against its impregnable defences. It is not primarily his affair. Let him go quietly about with his Baedeker, and see and enjoy all he can of that ancient novelty, so dear to us new folk, and then when he is worn out with his pleasure, let him ask himself how far the beloved land he has left has been true to its proclamations in favour of a fresh and finally just *Theilung der Erde.*

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.
(*Certain Delightful English Towns.*)

AELLA, LORD OF THE CASTLE OF BRISTOWE.

O THOU, or what remains of thee,
Aella, the darling of futurity,
Let this my song bold as thy courage be,
As everlasting to posterity.
When Dacya's sons, whose hair of blood-red hue
Like king-cups bursting with the morning dew.
Arranged in fierce array,
Upon the fateful day,
Spread far and wide on Watchett's shore ;
Then didst thou furious stand,
And by thy valiant hand
Didst sprinkle all the jeads with gore.
Drawn by thy blade so fell,
Down to the depths of hell
Thousands of Dacyanns went ;
Bristowannes, men of might,
Ydared the bloudie fight,
And acted deeds full quent.
Oh, thou, where'er (thy bones at rest)
Thy sprite to haunt delighteth best,
Whether upon the blood-embrewèd plain,
Or where thou kenst from far
The dismal cary of war,
Or seest some mountain made of corses slaine ;
Or seest the armoured steed,
Yprancing o'er the mead,
And neigh to be among the pointed spears ;

Or in black armour stalk around
Embattled Bristowe, once thy ground,
And glow ardurous on the castle steeres ;
Or fiery round the minster glare ;
Let Bristowe still be made thy care ;
Guard it from foemen and consuming fire ;
Let Avon's stream ensirk it round,
Nor let a flame enharm the ground,
Till in one flame all the whole world expire !

TRADITIONAL : A VERSION BY CHATTERTON.

A CHRONYCALLE OF BRYSTOWE.

(*Wrote bie Raufe Chedder. Chappmanne.* 1356.)

Ynne whilomme daies as Stowe saies
Ynne famous Brystowe towne
Dhere lyved Knyghtes doughtie yn fyghtes
Of marvel ous renowne.

A Saxonne boulde renowned of oulde
For Dethe and dernie dede
Maint Tanmen slone the Brugge uponne
Icausynge hem to blede.
Baldwynne hys name, Rolles saie the same
And yev hymme rennome grate
Hee lyved nere the Ellynteire
Al bie Seyncte Lenardes yate.
A mansion hie, made bosmorelie
Was reered bie hys honde,
Whanne he ysterve, hys name unkerve
Inne Baldwynne streete doe stonde.
On Ellie then of Mercyann menne
As meynte of Pentells blase,
Inne Castle-stede made dofull dede
And dydde the Dans arase.
One Leefwyne of Kyngelie Lyne
Inne Brystowe towne dyd leve,
And toe the samme for hys gode name
The Ackmanne Yate dyd gev.
Hammon a Lorde of hie accorde
Was ynne the strete nempte brede ;

Soe greate hys Myghte soe strynge yn fyghte
  Onne Byker hee dyd fede.
Fitz Lupous digne of gentle Lyne
  Onne Radclyve made hys Baie,
Inn moddie Gronne the whyche uponne
  Botte Reittes and roshes laie.
Than Radclyve Strete of Mansyonnes meete
  In semelie gare doe stonde,
And Canynge grete of fayre estate
  Bryngeth to Tradynge Londe.
Hardynge dydde comme from longe Kyngddomme
  Inne Knyvesmythe strete to lyne,
Roberte hys Sonne, moche gode thynges donne
  As Abbattes doe blasynne.
Roberte the Erle, ne conkered curll
  Inne Castle stede dyd fraie
Yynge Henrie to ynn Brystowe true
  As Hydelle dyd obaie.
A Maioure dheene bee ande Jamne hee
  Botte anne ungentle wyghte,
Seyncte Marie tende eche ammie frende
  Bie hallie Taper lyghte.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

BRISTOL IN STEPHEN'S DAY.

Bristow is a city receiving merchandise by sailing vessels from the near and from foreign parts. . . . Moreover, a quick and strong tide, flowing and ebbing abundantly night and day, causes the rivers on both sides of the city to run back upon themselves into a wide and deep sea; and forming a port very fit and safe for nearly a thousand vessels, it binds the circuit of the city so nearly that the whole city seems to swim on the water, and sit on its banks. But on the one side, where it is deemed more exposed to a siege, a castle raised on a considerable mound, fortified with a wall and bulwarks, towers, and various machines, prevents the approach of assailants.

John Camden.

GILBERT GURNEY AT A BRISTOL INN.

When I reached the "India Arms," the first exclamation I heard from a young damsel (Miss Mullholland, I presume) was, "Here is the gentleman,"—the echo of which, like that of Killarney, being, "Well! his mackarel 's boiled to pieces," both of which speeches induced me to believe that I had considerably over-stayed my time, and kept the dinner waiting—an offence to a cook, of whatever degree he or she may be, utterly unpardonable, and only to be equalled by that which the king of all kitchen-men took at the conduct of a noble marquess, who, when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, ventured, at his own dinner-table, before company, to put salt into a soup which the *artiste* had made.

The frown of the fair handmaiden was not rigid, and my little meal was served—for here there was no coffee-room—in the bay-windowed drawing-room, which, from its size, the darkness of the weather, and the wetting I had got in the boat, appeared even at that time of year chilly. I ventured to ask if I could have a fire lighted. Pinafore stared, and the waiter was called into council. It was, however, permitted, and although I heard myself designated as one of those "fire Indians" who never can be kept warm, I did not care for the obloquy, but felt comforted by the blaze.

Theodore Hook (*Gilbert Gurney*).

REFORM SUNDAY AT BRISTOL.

For a night which Bristol was long to remember was closing down upon the city. Though it was Sunday, the churches were empty; in few was a second service held. The streets, on the contrary, were full, in spite of the cold; full of noise and turmoil and disorder; of bands of men hastening up and down with reckless cries and flaring lights, at the bidding of leaders as unwitting. In Queen's Square the rioters were drinking themselves drunk as at a fair, while amid the falling rain, through which the last stormy gleams of daylight strove to pass amid the thickening dusk, those who all day long had jested at their doors began to turn doubtful looks on one another. From three points the smoke of fired prisons rose to the clouds and floated in a dense pall over the city, and men whispered that a hundred, two hundred, five hundred criminals had been set free. On Clifton Downs, on Brandon Hill, on College Green, on Redcliffe, the thousand gazers of the morning were doubled and redoubled. But they no longer wore the cynical faces of the morning. On the contrary, there were some who, following with their eyes the network of waterways laden with inflammable shipping, which pierced the city in every direction—who, tracing these and the sinuous alleys and steep lanes about them, predicted that the morning would find Bristol a heap of ruins. And not a few, taking

fright at the last moment, removed their families to Clifton, and locked up their houses. . . .

At every door men and women were standing looking out. In the distance he could hear cheering, which waxed louder and more insistent as, avoiding the narrower lanes, he passed down Clare Street to Broad Quay, from which there was an entrance to the north-west corner of the Square. Alongside the quay, which was fringed with warehouses and sheds, lay a line of brigs and schooners, the masts of the more distant tapering to vanishing-point in the mist which lay upon the water. At the moment, however, Vaughan had no eye for these. His thoughts were with the rioters, and in a twinkling he was within the Square, and seeing what was to be seen.

He judged that there were not more than fifteen hundred present, of whom about one-half belonged to the lowest class. These were gathered about the Mansion House, some drinking before it, others bearing up liquor from the cellars, while others again were tearing out the woodwork of the casements, or wantonly flinging the last remnants of furniture from the windows. The second moiety of the crowd, less reckless or of higher position, looked on as at a show; or now and again, at the bidding of some active rioter, raised a cheer for Reform, "The King and Reform! Reform!"

STANLEY J. WEYMAN (*Chippinge*).

SQUIRE BRAMBLE VENTS HIS SPLEEN.

Every upstart of fortune, harnessed in the trappings of the mode, presents himself at Bath, as in the very focus of observation. Clerks and factors from the East Indies; planters, negro-drivers and hucksters from our American plantations, enriched they know not how . . . men of low birth and no breeding, have found themselves suddenly translated into a state of affluence, unknown to former ages Knowing no other criterion of greatness but the ostentation of wealth, they discharge their affluence without taste or conduct, through every channel of the most absurd extravagance, and all of them hurry to Bath, because here, without any further qualification, they can mingle with the princes and nobles of the land. Even the wives and daughters of low tradesmen, who, like shovel-nosed sharks, prey on the blubber of those uncouth whales of fortune, are infected with the same rage of displaying their importance, and the slightest indisposition serves them for a pretext to insist on being conveyed to Bath, where they may hobble country dances and cotillons among lordlings, squires, counsellors and clergy. . . . Such is the composition of what is called fashionable company at Bath.

Tobias Smollett (*Humphry Clinker*).

And again :

CLIFTON,
April 17.

DEAR LEWIS,

I have followed your directions with some success, and might have been on my legs by this time had the weather permitted me to use my saddle-horse. I rode out on the Downs last Tuesday in the forenoon, when the sky, as far as the visible horizon, was without a cloud ; but before I had gone a full mile I was overtaken instantaneously by a storm of rain that wet me to the skin in three minutes. Whence it came the devil knows, but it has laid me up (I suppose) for one fortnight. It makes me sick to hear people talk of the fine air of Clifton Downs. How can the air be either agreeable or salutary, where the demon of vapours descends in a perpetual drizzle ? My confinement is the more intolerable, as I am surrounded with domestic vexations. My niece has had a dangerous fit of illness, occasioned by that cursed incident at Gloucester, which I mentioned in my last.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT (*Ibid.*).

THE BRIDGE BETWEEN CLIFTON AND LEIGH WOODS.

"Frown ever opposite," the angel cried,
Who, with an earthquake's might and giant hand,
Severed these riven rocks, and bade them stand
Severed for ever. The vast ocean-tide,
Leaving its roar without, at his command,
Shrank; and beneath the woods through the green land
Went gently murmuring on, so to deride
The frowning barriers that its force defied.

But Art, high o'er the trailing smoke below
Of sea-bound steamer, on yon summit's head
Sat musing; and where scarce a wandering crow
Sailed o'er the chasm, in thought a highway led;
Conquering, as by an arrow from a bow,
The scene's lone genius by her elfin-thread.

William Lisle Bowles.

SQUIRE BRAMBLE MORE AMIABLE.

Shall I state the difference between my town grievances and my country comforts? At Brambleton Hall I have elbow-room within doors, and breathe a clear, elastic, salutary air: I enjoy refreshing sleep, which is never disturbed by horrid noise, nor interrupted, but in a morning, by the sweet twitter of the martlet at my window. I drink the virgin lymph, pure and crystalline as it gushes from the rock, or the sparkling beverage, home-brewed from malt, of my own making; or I indulge with cider, which my own orchard affords, or with claret of the best growth, imported for my own use by a correspondent on whose integrity I can depend; my bread is sweet and nourishing, made from my own wheat, ground in my own mill, and baked in my own oven; my table is in a great measure furnished from my own ground; my five-year-old mutton, fed on the fragrant herbage of the mountains, that might vie with venison in juice and flavour; my delicious veal, fattened with nothing but the mother's milk, that fills the dish with gravy; my poultry from the barn-door, that never knew confinement but when they were at roost; my rabbits panting from the warren; my game fresh from the moors; my trout and salmon struggling from the stream; oysters from their native banks; and herrings, with other sea-fish, I can eat in

four hours after they are taken. My salads, roots, and pot-herbs, my own garden yields in plenty and perfection, the produce of the natural soil, prepared by moderate cultivation. The same soil affords all the different fruits which England may call her own, so that my dessert is every day fresh gathered from the tree; my dairy flows with nectareous tides of milk and cream, from whence we derive abundance of excellent butter, curds, and cheese; and the refuse fattens my pigs that are destined for hams and bacon. . . . Finally, I live in the midst of honest men, and trusty dependents, who, I flatter myself, have a disinterested attachment to my person. You yourself, my dear doctor, can vouch for the truth of these assertions.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT (*Humphry Clinker*).

MR. PICKWICK AT BRISTOL.

He (Mr. Winkle) took up his quarters at The Bush, and, designing to postpone any communication by letter with Mr. Pickwick until it was probable that Mr. Dowler's wrath might have in some degree evaporated, walked forth to view the city, which struck him as being a shade more dirty than any place he had ever seen. Having inspected the docks and shipping, and viewed the cathedral, he inquired his way to Clifton, and being directed thither, took the route which was pointed out to him. But, as the pavements of Bristol are not the widest or cleanest upon earth, so its streets are not altogether the straightest or least intricate; Mr. Winkle being greatly puzzled by their manifold windings and twistings, looked about him for a decent shop in which he could apply afresh, for counsel and instruction. . . .

Mr. Winkle then recounted what had passed between himself and Mr. Ben Allen, relative to Arabella; stated that his object was to gain an interview with the young lady, and make a formal disclosure of his passion; and declared his conviction, founded on certain dark hints and mutterings of the aforesaid Ben, that, wherever she was at present immured, it was somewhere near the Downs. And this was his

whole stock of knowledge or suspicion on the subject.

With this very slight cue to guide him, it was determined that Mr. Weller should start next morning on an expedition of discovery; it was also arranged that Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle who were less confident of their powers, should parade the town meanwhile, and accidentally drop in upon Mr. Bob Sawyer in the course of the day, in the hope of seeing or hearing something of the young lady's whereabout.

Accordingly, next morning, Sam Weller issued forth upon his quest, in no way daunted by the very discouraging prospect before him; and away he walked, up one street and down another—we were going to say, up one hill and down another, only it 's all uphill at Clifton—without meeting with anything or anybody that tended to throw the faintest light on the matter in hand. Many were the colloquies into which Sam entered with grooms who were airing horses on roads, and nursemaids who were airing children in lanes; but nothing could Sam elicit from either the first-mentioned or the last, which bore the slightest reference to the object of his artfully-prosecuted inquiries. There were a great many young ladies in a great many houses, the greater part whereof were shrewdly suspected by the male and female domestics to be deeply attached to somebody, or perfectly ready to become so, if opportunity offered. But as none among these

young ladies was Miss Arabella Allen, the information left Sam at exactly the old point of wisdom at which he had stood before.

Sam struggled across the Downs against a good high wind, wondering whether it was always necessary to hold your hat on with both hands in that part of the country, and came to a shady by-place about which were sprinkled several little villas of quiet and secluded appearance. Outside a stable-door at the bottom of a long back lane without a thoroughfare, a groom in undress was idling about, apparently persuading himself that he was doing something with a spade and a wheelbarrow. We may remark, in this place, that we have scarcely ever seen a groom near a stable, in his lazy moments, who has not been, to a greater or less extent, the victim of this singular delusion.

CHARLES DICKENS (*The Pickwick Papers*).

THE HOTWELLS.

AT Bristol see the Hotwells, St. George's Cave [*sic*] where the Bristol Diamonds are found. Ratcliffe Church, and at Kingswood, the Coalpits. Taste there Milford oysters, Marrow Puddings, Cockale, Metheglin, White and Red Muggets, Elvers, Sherry Sack (which with sugar is called "Bristol Milk").

JOHN LOCKE.

JOHN EVELYN ON BRISTOL AND THE AVON GORGE.

We . . . . then went to Bristoll, a Citty emulating London, not for its large extent but manner of buildings, shops, bridge, traffiq, exchange, market-place, etc. The Governor shew'd us the Castle, of no greate concernment. The Citty wholly mercantile, as standing neere the famous Severne, commodiously for Ireland and the Western world. Here I first saw the manner of refining suggar, and casting it into loaves, where we had a collation of eggs fried in the suggar furnace, together with excellent Spanish wine: but what was most stupendious to me was the rocks of St. Vincent, a little distance from the towne, the precipice whereoff is equal to any thing of that nature I have seene in the most confragose cataracts of the Alpes, the river gliding betweene them at an extraordinary depth. Here we went searching for diamonds, and to the Hot Wells at its foote. There is also on the side of this horrid Alp a very romantic seat.*

John Evelyn (*Memoirs*).

* Probably the spot known as the Giant's (or Glyston's) Cave.

THE AVON GORGE.

I HAVE to thank my friends for one of the most beautiful as well as comfortable rooms you could desire. I look from my window upon the Avon and its wooded and rocky bounds—the trees yet green. A vessel is sailing down, and here comes a steamer (Irish, I suppose). I have in view the end of the Cliff to the right, and on my left a wide and varied prospect over Bristol, as far as the eye can reach, and at present the novelty makes it very interesting.

GEORGE CRABBE (*Letters*).

THE ROCKS AT CLIFTON.

THE rocks of the Avon at Clifton excel all the things I have seen. Even I, the most determined anti-view hunter, find them worthy of a word.

THOMAS CARLYLE (*Letters*).

NIGHTINGALE VALLEY.

I DON'T wonder at your admiring Clifton. It is certainly the finest piece of limestone scenery in the kingdom, except Cheddar, and Cheddar has no wood. Did you ever find out the Dingle running up through the cliffs on the south side of the river, opposite St. Vincent's ? [Nightingale Valley.] When the leaves are on, there are pieces of Ruysdael study of rock there, with the noble cliff through the breaks of the foliage, quite intoxicating.

JOHN RUSKIN (*Letters*).

CLIFTON ROCKS: THE POETASTER'S VIEW.

How beautiful the pale rocks, above the shore,
Uplift their bleak and furrow'd aspect high!
How proudly desolate their forcheads, hoar
That meet the earliest sunbeams of the sky.

Round to yon dusky mast, with pennants gay,
The tall bark on the winding waters line,
Between the riven cliffs plies her hard way,
And, peering on the sight, the white sails shine.

Alas! for those, by drooping sickness worn,
Who now come forth to meet the gladsome ray,
And feel the fragrance of the tepid morn
Round their torn breast and throbbing temples play!

Perhaps the muse, with a desponding sigh,
On the cold vault that shall their bones inurn;
Whilst every breeze seems, as it whispers by,
To breathe of comfort never to return.

The purple morn that paints with sideling gleam,
The cliff's tall crest, the waving woods that ring
With charm of birds, rejoicing in the beam,
Touch soft the wakeful nerve's according string.

ANON.

THE WATCHET SAILOR.

As I was a-walking down Watchet Swayne Street
A jolly old shipmate I chanced for to meet.
"Hullo, brother sailor, you 're welcome to home,
In season to Watchet I think you are come.

"Now don't you remember once courting a maid?
But through your long absence she 's going to be wed.
To-morrow in Bristol this wedding 's to be,
And I am invited the same for to see."

Jack went and got licence the very same night,
And walked into Bristol as soon as 'twas light.
He sat in the Temple churchyard for a while,
Till he saw the bride coming, which caused Jack to smile.

He went and he took the fair maid by the hand:
"You 're going to be married, as I understand.
But if you 're to marry, why you must be mine:
So I have come here for to baulk your design."

"Alas!" said this fair maid, "now what shall I do,
I know I was solemnly promised to you.
The sailor 's my true love, and I 'll be his bride;
There 's none in this world I can fancy beside."

Then the tailor he roared like a man that is mad,
"I 'm ruined, I 'm ruined, I 'm ruined," he said.
"All you that have sweethearts, wed quick while you may,
Or else the Jack Tars they will take them away."

OLD SONG.

BRISTOL AND BATH: A POSY OF TRIBUTES.

How proudly girt
With villages, and Clifton's airy rocks,
Bristol, the mistress of the Severn Sea,
Bristol, amid her merchant palaces,
That ancient city sits!

ANON.

BRISTOL HOTWELLS,
August 28.

YOU will be again surprised, my dear Maria, at seeing whence I date my letter; but I have been very ill, and Mr. Villars was so much alarmed that he not only insisted upon my accompanying Mrs. Selwyn hither, but earnestly desired that she would hasten her intended journey.

We travelled very slowly, and I did not find myself so much fatigued as I expected. We are situated upon a most delightful spot; the prospect is beautiful, the air pure, and the weather very favourable to invalids. I am already better, and I doubt not but I shall soon be well—as well, in regard to mere health, as I wish to be.

FANNY BURNEY (*Evelina*).

Sweet Bath! the liveliest city of the land,
Where health and pleasure ramble hand in hand,
Where smiling belles their earliest visit pay,
And faded maids their lingering blooms delay;
Delightful scenes of elegance and ease,
Realms of the gay, where every sport can please!

Anon.

Up at four o'clock, being by appointment called up to the Cross Bath, where we were carried one after another, myself and wife, and Betty Turner, Willet and W. Hewer. And by and by, though we designed to have done before company came, much company came; very fine ladies, and the manners pretty enough, only methinks it cannot be clean to go so many bodies together in the same water. Good conversation among them that are acquainted here and stay together. Strange to see how hot the water is, and in some places, though this is the most temperate bath, the springs are so hot as the feet are not able to endure. But strange to see, when women and men here that live all the season in these waters, cannot be but parboiled, and look like the creatures of the bath. Carried away, wrapped in a sheet, and in a chair home; and then one after another thus carried, I staying above two hours in the water, home to bed, sweating for an hour; and by and by comes music to play to me, extraordinarily good, as ever I heard at London almost, or anywhere.

Samuel Pepys (*Diary*).

Bath leaves few and faint impressions: Bristol, on the other hand, is warm, glowing, picturesque.

Mary Russell Mitford.

All the polite, all the gallant, are either gone or preparing for the Bath. Dear, romantic Bath!

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

Bath is really a splendid city, in a lovely, even a noble country.

Edward Fitzgerald.

We are here beautifully situated—a charming house, romantically placed, with the Bristol Channel before us, and, from our bedroom window, no land nearer than America.

Mrs. Thrale.

Bath, that beautiful city which charms even eyes familiar with the masterpieces of Bramante and Palladio, and which the genius of Anstey and of Smollett, of Frances Burney and of Jane Austen, has made classic ground.

Macaulay.

A CITY of the eighteenth century, bland and beautiful, dreaming with her grey stone eyes of the glory of an unforgettable past.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

BRISTOL is a city nearly the richest of all the cities of this countrie, placed in the most fruitful part of England, and by the very situation of the place, the best defended of all the cities of England.

ANON., SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE BEAUTY OF BATH.

Under the skilful management of the popular Master of the Ceremonies, Beau Nash, Bath had become the most fashionable watering-place in the kingdom. Not merely was it resorted to by invalids, who sought the aid of its healing springs, but it received a host of visitors, who came there merely for amusement. Indeed, the influx of the latter was so great that sufficient accommodation could scarcely be found for them, though there were several good hotels, and abundance of lodging-houses and boarding-houses

Within the last thirty years—that is to say, since the commencement of Beau Nash's reign—the city had more than doubled in size. Broad streets, terraces, and squares, consisting for the most part of houses of great architectural beauty, now embellished the place, and further additions and improvements were being continually made.

The peculiar position of this beautiful city, which occupies a valley watered by the Avon, and surrounded by high downs, renders necessary a special arrangement of the streets, which seem to converge from a common centre where the old Abbey is reared, and near which are the Baths and Pump Room. From this the streets radiate on every side, and climb the hills, leading to a lovely park, parades, terraces, squares, and crescents—

all the edifices built of stone from the neighbouring quarries of Combe Down.

Not that all these architectural beauties existed at the time of our story, but preparations were made for them.

> "The gods their peculiar favour to show,
> Sent Hermes to Bath in the shape of a Beau."

Fashionable society having been drawn to Bath by Beau Nash, its growth became extremely rapid, and it could now be correctly described as the best built, cleanest, brightest, gayest city in the kingdom.

Of course, the central point of the picture was the old Abbey, and it might be thought that this noble structure did not harmonise very well with its surroundings. But to judge so would be a mistake. The Parade and the gardens adjoining it looked all the better for the Abbey with its lofty tower, and the Abbey gained something by the open space. But as much of Bath as could be descried from the spot offered a striking prospect. Rising as it were from an enchanter's wand, the city gave ample promise of what it would speedily become. Even in its unfinished state it struck all beholders with admiration, for it was more beautiful than anything they had previously seen.

W. Harrison Ainsworth (*Beau Nash*).

THE SOUL OF BATH.

So much for the times and for the characters. For scenery we have this gem among prosperous towns. The grey stone city of wealthy, sedate residences, arranged with noble architectural effect in broad straight streets, wide open squares, parades, terraces, crescents; tier upon tier on the slope of a hill down to the water's edge; set serenely in a wooded valley, with much green in perspective beyond the lazy, slowly-winding Avon.

Indeed, of its kind, Bath is unique among the cities of Europe: deprived as it is by modern conditions of its former social attractions, it is still one of the most beautiful.

Like so many very old towns, it has had a long Roman existence; its luxurious baths and other remains testify to its splendour when it was known as Aquæ Solis. It filled, also, an important place in the land as a Mediæval Borough, wall-girt and defensible: of that period the Abbey Church, the "Lantern of England," remains a handsome bequest. But, on the surface at least, there is now nothing to recall vividly any older past than the days of periwig, of powder and patches, of "wine and walnut" wit. Its characteristic charm, one which, happily, the present age has had little power to efface, is *par excellence* that of the eighteenth century; for it was in early and middle Georgian years that, with a strange

suddenness, "The Bath" became an accepted centre of fashion and pleasure, and assumed its special physiognomy of leisure, wealth and exclusiveness.

This old-world air still hangs about the residential part of the town, and in a singularly haunting way. In those broad streets, calm and silent and almost deserted at most hours, in those high-windowed houses, typical of stateliness and cold elegance rather than of lolling comfort, the very atmosphere seems to this day redolent of "Chippendale" notions. The sordidly plain modern dress of man is painfully incongruous. The rattling cab is a discord. It would be a relief, much more than an astonishment, to note an obvious three-cornered hat, a broad-skirted coat, on one's fellow man, to hear on the flags the regular tramp of chairmen swinging along some dainty charge deliciously powdered and rouged!

Why, the place is alive with suggestion! Here a house front, with its carved stone wreaths and urns and bosses, with its pedimented windows or its shell-canopied door (still provided with its long since honorary link-extinguisher), if you look at it inquiringly, seems ready to tell its tale of by-gone life.

AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE
(Preface to *The Bath Comedy*).

THE GREY CITY.

The sun smiles on the slumbering square,
A few sky clouds float swift and free
Above, and cast their shadows where
An old man keeps his reverie.

About the fountain skips a child,
A kitten gambols on the grass;
And here, in silence undefiled,
The moments slowly, sweetly pass.

Here Peace has set her ancient seal,
And holds her court among the trees,
Thro' which no rumours ever steal
Of the great city's blasphemies.

The chimes break from the grey church tower,
With tender voices from the dead.
The silence trembles. One more hour,
But not its memory, is fled.

I rise. With footsteps grave and slow
I mingle with the city's stream
Again—the richer, as I go,
For one more consecrated dream.

GILBERT THOMAS.

GOING THE PACE AT BATH: THE YOUTH'S WAY.

I OWNED I was not much conversant in high life; but I had seen what were called polite assemblies in London and elsewhere; that those of Bath seemed to be as decent as any, and that, on the whole, the individuals that composed it would not be found deficient in good manners and decorum. "But let us have recourse to experience," said I. "Jack Holder, who was intended for a parson, has succeeded to an estate of two thousand a year by the death of his elder brother. He is now at the Bath, driving about in a phaeton-and-four, with French horns. He has treated with turtle and claret at all the taverns in Bath and Bristol, till his guests are gorged with good cheer; he has bought a dozen suits of fine clothes by the advice of the master o the ceremonies, under whose tuition he has entered himself. He has lost some hundreds at billiards to sharpers, and taken one of the nymphs of Avon-street into keeping; but finding all these channels insufficient to drain him of his current cash, his counsellor has engaged him to give a general tea-drinking to-morrow at Wiltshire's room. In order to give it the more *éclat*, every table is to be furnished with sweetmeats and nosegays, which, however, are not to be touched till notice is given by the ringing of a bell, and then the ladies may help themselves without restriction. This will be no bad way of trying the company's breeding.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT (*Humphry Clinker*).

MISS LYDIA'S WAY.

BATH is to me a new world—all is gaiety, good humour, and diversion. The eye is continually entertained with the splendour of dress and equipage, and the ear with the sound of coaches, chaises, chairs, and other carriages. *The merry bells ring round* from morn till night. Then we are welcomed by the city waits in our own lodgings; we have music in the pump-room every morning, cotillons every forenoon in the rooms, balls twice a week, and concerts every other night, besides private assemblies and parties without number. As soon as we were settled in lodgings, we were visited by the master of the ceremonies, a pretty little gentleman, so sweet, so fine, so civil and polite, that in our country he might pass for the Prince of Wales; then he talks so charmingly, both in verse and prose, that you would be delighted to hear him discourse; for you must know he is a great writer, and has got five tragedies ready for the stage. He did us the favour to dine with us by my uncle's invitation, and next day squired my aunt and me to every part of Bath, which, to be sure, is an earthly paradise. The Square, the Circus, and the Parades put you in mind of the sumptuous palaces represented in prints and pictures; and the new buildings, such as Prince's-row, Harlequin's-row, Bladud's-row, and twenty other rows, look like so many enchanted castles, raised on hanging terraces.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT (*Ibid*).

FROM "THE NEW BATH GUIDE."

Of all the gay places the world can afford,
By *gentle* and *simple* for pastime ador'd,
Fine balls and *fine* concerts, *fine* buildings and springs,
Fine walks and *fine* views, and a thousand *fine* things,
In manners, in dress, in politeness to shine,
O BATH! let the art, let the glory be thine. . . .
What joys at the ball, what delight have I found,
By all the bright circles encompassed around!
I 've read how the goddesses meet all above,
And throng the immortal assemblies of Jove;
When joined with the graces, fair Venus appears,
Ambrosial sweet odours perfume all the spheres;
But the Goddess of Love, and the graces, and all,
Must yield to the beauties I 've seen at the ball.
But hark! now they strike the melodious string,
The vaulted roof echoes, the mansions all ring;
At the sound of the hautboy, the bass, and the fiddle,
SIR BOREAS BLUBBER steps forth in the middle;
Like a holyhock, noble, majestic, and tall,
SIR BOREAS BLUBBER first opens the ball:
How *nimbly* he paces, how active and light!
One never can judge of a man at first sight:
But as near as I guess from the size of his calf,
He may weigh about twenty-three stone and a half.

Now why should I mention a hundred or more,
Who went the same circle as others before,
To a tune that they play'd us a hundred times o'er ?

But who is that bombazine lady so gay,
So profuse of her beauties, in sable array ?
How she rests on her heel, how she turns out her toe,
How she pulls down her stays, with her head up, to show
Her lily-white bosom that rivals the snow !
'Tis the *widow* QUICKLACKIT, whose husband last week,
Poor STEPHEN, went suddenly forth in a pique,
And push'd off his boat for the Stygian creek.
Poor STEPHEN ! he never return'd from the bourn,
But left the *disconsolate* widow to mourn.
Three times did she faint when she heard of the news !
Six days did she *weep*, and all comfort refuse ;
But STEPHEN no sorrow, no tears can recall ;
So she *hallows* the seventh, and comes to the BALL.
For music, sweet music, has charms to control,
And tune up each passion that ruffles the soul :
'Twas music that brought a man's wife from Old Nick,
And at BATH has the power to recover the *sick*.

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY.

MR. PICKWICK AT BATH.

"THIS is a ball night," said the M.C., again taking Mr. Pickwick's hand as he rose to go. "The ball-nights in Ba—ath are moments snatched from Paradise; rendered bewitching by music, beauty, elegance, fashion, etiquette, and—and—above all, by the absence of tradespeople who are quite inconsistent with Paradise; and who have an amalgamation of themselves at the Guildhall every fortnight, which is, to say the least, remarkable. Good-bye, good-bye!" and protesting all the way downstairs that he was most satisfied, and most delighted, and most overpowered, and most flattered, Angelo Cyrus Bantam, Esquire, M.C., stepped into a very elegant chariot that waited at the door, and rattled off.

At the appointed hour, Mr. Pickwick and his friends, escorted by Dowler, repaired to the Assembly Rooms, and wrote their names down in a book. An instance of condescension at which Angelo Bantam was even more overpowered than before. Tickets of admission to that evening's assembly were to have been prepared for the whole party, but as they were not ready Mr. Pickwick undertook, despite all the protestations to the contrary of Angelo Bantam, to send Sam for them at four o'clock in the afternoon to the M.C.'s house in Queen Square. Having

taken a short walk through the city, and arrived at the unanimous conclusion that Park Street was very much like the perpendicular street a man sees in a dream, which he cannot get up for the life of him, they returned to the "White Hart," and despatched Sam on the errand to which his master had pledged him. . . .

At precisely twenty minutes before eight o'clock that night, Angelo Cyrus Bantam, Esq., the master of the ceremonies, emerged from his chariot at the door of the Assembly Rooms in the same wig, the same teeth, the same eyeglass, the same watch and seals, the same rings, the same shirt-pin, and the same cane. The only observable alterations in his appearance were that he wore a brighter blue coat, with a white silk lining: black tights, black silk stockings and pumps, and a white waistcoat, and was, if possible, just a thought more scented.

Thus attired, the master of the ceremonies, in strict discharge of the important duties of his all important office, planted himself in the rooms to receive the company.

Bath being full, the company and the sixpences for tea poured in in shoals. In the ballroom, the long card-room, the octagonal card-room, the staircases, and the passages, the hum of many voices, and the sound of many feet, were perfectly bewildering. Dresses rustled, feathers waved, lights shone, and jewels sparkled. There was the music—not of the quadrille band, for it had not

yet commenced; but the music of soft, tiny footsteps, with now and then a clear, merry laugh, low and gentle, but very pleasant to hear in a female voice, whether in Bath or elsewhere. Brilliant eyes, lighted up with pleasurable expectation, gleamed from every side; and, look where you would, some exquisite form glided gracefully through the throng, and was no sooner lost, than it was replaced by another as dainty and bewitching.

CHARLES DICKENS (*The Pickwick Papers*).

BATH: AN APPRECIATION.

BATH, *April* 30.

DEAR KNIGHT,

I think those people are unreasonable who complain that Bath is a contracted circle, in which the same dull scenes perpetually revolve, without variation. I am, on the contrary, amazed to find so small a place so crowded with entertainment and variety. London itself can hardly exhibit one species of diversion to which we have not something analogous at Bath, over and above those singular advantages that are peculiar to the place. Here, for example, a man has daily opportunities of seeing the most remarkable characters of the community: he sees them in their natural attitudes and true colours; descended from their pedestals, and divested of their formal draperies, undisguised by art and affectation. Here we have ministers of state, judges, generals, bishops, projectors, philosophers, wits, poets, players, chemists, fiddlers, and buffoons. If he makes any considerable stay in the place he is sure of meeting with some particular friend, whom he did not expect to see, and to me there is nothing more agreeable than such casual rencounters. Another entertainment peculiar to Bath arises from the general mixture of all

degrees assembled in our public rooms, without distinction of rank or fortune. This is what my uncle reprobates, as a monstrous jumble of heterogeneous principles, a vile mob of noise and impertinence, without decency or subordination. But this chaos is to me a source of infinite amusement.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT (*Humphry Clinker*).

A TRIP TO BRISTOL.

"To Bristol! Is not that a great way off? But, however, I cannot go with you to-day, because I am engaged. I expect some friends every moment." This was of course vehemently talked down as no reason at all, Mrs. Allen was called on to second him, and the two others walked in to give their assistance. "My sweetest Catherine, is not this delightful? We shall have a most heavenly drive. You are to thank your brother and me for the scheme: it darted into our heads at breakfast time, I verily believe at the same instant, and we should have been off two hours ago if it had not been for this detestable rain. But it does not signify, the nights are moonlight, and we shall do delightfully. Oh! I am in such ecstasies at the thoughts of a little country air and quiet; so much better than going to the Lower Rooms. We shall drive directly to Clifton and dine there, and as soon as dinner is over, if there is time for it, go on to Kingsweston."

"I doubt our being able to do so much," said Morland.

"You croaking fellow," cried Thorpe, "we shall be able to do ten times more. Kingsweston! ay, and Blaize Castle too, and anything else we can hear of; but here is your sister says she will not go."

"Blaize Castle!" cried Catherine; "what is that?"

"The finest place in England; worth going fifty miles at any time to see."

JANE AUSTEN (*Northanger Abbey*).

A MORNING ON THE DOWNS.

IT was a lovely morning when Sister Helena, after performing her devotions with extra fervour in the little church, mounted Claverton Down, to enjoy the charming prospect it commanded for the last time. She had intimated that she could tear herself from the place without regret, but when she stood on that pleasant eminence, and gazed around, she felt she had overrated her strength. The view seemed more attractive than ever, the morning air fresher and more delightful, the turf more elastic and fragrant, and the whole scene so enchanting that she could scarcely make up her mind to quit it. In whatever direction she looked—whether toward the beautiful city or the heights beyond it—whether her eye rested upon the ancient Abbey and its precincts—or upon the winding Avon—she beheld something that filled her with an admiration she could not stifle. Then the air was delightful, and to breathe it seemed to heighten the pleasure of existence.

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH (*Beau Nash*).

CATHERINE MORLAND AT BATH.

Every morning now brought its regular duties; shops were to be visited, some new part of the town to be looked at, and the Pump-room to be attended, where they paraded up and down for an hour, looking at everybody and speaking to no one. The wish of a numerous acquaintance in Bath was still uppermost with Mrs. Allen, and she repeated it after every fresh proof, which every morning brought, of her knowing nobody at all.

They made their appearance in the Lower Rooms; and here fortune was more favourable to our heroine. The master of the ceremonies introduced her to a very gentlemanlike young man as a partner; his name was Tilney. He seemed to be about four or five-and-twenty, was rather tall, had a pleasing countenance, a very intelligent and lively eye, and, if not quite handsome, was very near it. His address was good, and Catherine felt herself in high luck. There was little leisure for speaking while they danced; but when they were seated at tea she found him as agreeable as she had already given him credit for being. He talked with fluency and spirit, and there was an archness and pleasantry in his manner which interested, though it was hardly understood by her. After chatting some time on such matters as naturally arose from

the objects around them, he suddenly addressed her with: "I have hitherto been very remiss, madam, in the proper attentions of a partner here. I have not yet asked you how long you have been in Bath, whether you were ever here before, whether you have been at the Upper Rooms, the theatre, and the concert, and how you like the place altogether. I have been very negligent; but are you now at leisure to satisfy me in these particulars? If you are, I will begin directly."

"You need not give yourself that trouble, sir."

"No trouble, I assure you, madam." Then forming his features into a set smile, and affectedly softening his voice, he added, with a simpering air, "Have you been long in Bath, madam?"

"About a week, sir," replied Catherine, trying not to laugh.

"Really!" with affected astonishment.

"Why should you be surprised, sir?"

"Why, indeed?" said he, in his natural tone; "but some emotion must appear to be raised by your reply, and surprise is more easily assumed, and not less reasonable, than any other. Now let us go on. Were you never here before, madam?"

"Never, sir."

"Indeed! Have you yet honoured the Upper Rooms?"

"Yes, sir, I was there last Monday."

"Have you been to the theatre?"

"Yes, sir, I was at the play on Tuesday."
"To the concert?"
"Yes, sir, on Wednesday."
"And are you altogether pleased with Bath?"
"Yes; I like it very well."

JANE AUSTEN (*Northanger Abbey*).

PRIOR PARK.

THE Gothic style of building could produce nothing nobler than Mr. Allworthy's house. There was an air of grandeur in it that struck you with awe, and rivalled the beauties of the best Grecian architecture; and it was as commodious within as venerable without.

It stood on the south-east side of a hill, but nearer the bottom than the top of it, so as to be sheltered from the north-east by a grove of old oaks, which rose above it in a gradual ascent of near half a mile, and yet high enough to enjoy a most charming prospect of the valley beneath.

In the midst of the grove was a fine lawn, sloping down towards the house, near the summit of which rose a plentiful spring, gushing out of a rock covered with firs, and forming a constant cascade of about thirty feet, not carried down a regular flight of steps, but tumbling in a natural fall over the broken and mossy stones, till it

came to the bottom of the rock; then running off in a pebbly channel, that with many lesser falls winded along, till it fell into a lake at the foot of a hill, about a quarter of a mile below the house on the south side, and which was seen from every room in the front. Out of this lake, which filled the centre of a beautiful plain, embellished with groups of beeches and elms, and fed with sheep, issued a river that for several miles was seen to meander through an amazing variety of meadows and woods, till it emptied itself into the sea, with a large arm of which, and an island beyond it, the prospect was closed.

On the right of this valley opened another of less extent, adorned with several villages, and terminated by one of the towers of an old ruined abbey, grown over with ivy, and part of the front, which remained still entire.

The left-hand scene presented the view of a fine park, composed of very unequal ground, and agreeably varied with all the diversity that hills, lawns, wood and water, laid out with admirable taste, but owing less to art than to nature, could give. Beyond this the country gradually rose into a ridge of wild mountains, the tops of which were above the clouds.

HENRY FIELDING (*Tom Jones*).

DINNER AT PRIOR PARK.

When a grand dinner was given at Prior Park it was not half done—that we may be sure. No one was more hospitable than Ralph Allen. But he sought to avoid ostentation and profusion. His table was adorned with magnificent plate. The cooking was admirable, the dishes varied and abundant, and the wines of the finest vintages. The attendance was perfect, and not merely provided for display—every guest was well cared for.

The dinner, at which we are about to assist, may be considered a large one, since it numbered a hundred guests, and was one of the very best ever given at Prior Park. No fault could be found with it. Everything was served as easily as if it had been a small repast, and every dish seemed especially well cooked. As to the wines, we have already said they were perfection. Ralph Allen would have considered it a reproach if a bottle of inferior wine had been produced. But with the intelligent chief butler who served him, he felt sure no such mistake could happen.

W. Harrison Ainsworth (*Beau Nash*).

III.

THE WEST-COUNTRY GIRL AND WOMAN.

There may be handsomer girls in these isles than the rosy West Country girls; but I have travelled the three kingdoms, and nowhere have I met them.

BURTON.

Love sailed into the harbour in his boat o' pearl and gowld
An' a winsome little rogue was he:
He shot his silver arrows forth, so reckless an' so bowld:
O! 'tis merry, merry in the West Countree.
But, as he drew his bow at a venture, they did go
With sorrow both he to and to she.
You never, never know, misdirected they may go;
Then 'tis willow, willow in the West Countree.

CHARLES G. HARPER.

JAN'S COURTSHIP.

"Come hither, son Jan, since thou art a man,
I 'll gi'ee the best counsel in life.
Come sit down by me, and my story shall be,
I 'll tell how to get thee a wife.
Iss, I will! Man, I will! Zure I will!
I 'll tell how to gĕt thee a wife, iss, I will!

"Thyself thou must dress in thy Sunday-go-best;
They 'll at first turn away and be shy.
But boldly kiss each purty maid that thou see'st,
They 'll call thee their love by-and-by."
Iss, they will, etc.

So a-courting Jan goes in his holiday clothes,
All trim, nothing ragged or torn,
From his hat and his hose, with a sweet yellow rose,
He looked like a gentleman born.
Iss, he did, etc.

The first pretty lass that Jan did see pass,
A farmer's fat daughter called Grace.
He 'd scarce said "How do?" and a kind word or two,
Her fetched him a slap in the face.
Iss, her did, etc.

As Jan, never fearing o' nothing at all,
Was walking adown by the locks,
He kissed parson's wife which stirred up a strife,
And Jan was put into the stocks.
Iss, he was, etc.

"If this be the way how to get me a wife,"
Quoth Jan, "I will never have none.
I would rather live single the whole of my life,
And home to my mammy I 'll run.
Iss, I will! Man, I will! Zure I will!
And home to my mammy I 'll run, iss, I will!"

TRADITIONAL.

SOPHIA WESTERN DESCRIBED.

HUSHED be every ruder breath. May the heathen ruler of the winds confine in iron chains the boisterous limbs of noisy Boreas, and the sharp-pointed nose of bitter-biting Eurus. Do thou, sweet Zephyrus, rising from thy fragrant bed, mount the western sky, and lead on those delicious gales, the charms of which call forth the lovely Flora from her chamber, perfumed with pearly dews, when on the first of June, her birthday, the blooming maid, in loose attire, gently trips it over the verdant mead, where every flower rises to do her homage, until the whole field becomes enamelled, and colours contend with sweets which shall ravish her most.

So charming may she now appear, and you, the feathered choristers of nature, whose sweetest notes not even Handel can excel, tune your melodious throats to celebrate her appearance. From love proceeds your music, and to love it returns. Awake, therefore, that gentle passion in every swain; for lo! adorned with all the charms in which nature can array her, bedecked with beauty, youth, sprightliness, innocence, modesty, and tenderness, breathing sweetness from her rosy lips, and darting brightness from her sparkling eyes, the lovely Sophia comes.

Sophia, then, the only daughter of Mr. Western, was a middle-sized woman, but rather inclining to

tall. Her shape was not only exact, but extremely delicate; and the nice proportion of her arms promised the truest symmetry in her limbs. Her hair, which was black, was so luxuriant that it reached her middle, before she cut it to comply with the modern fashion; and it was now curled so gracefully in her neck, that few would believe it to be her own. If envy could find any part of her face which demanded less commendation than the rest, it might possibly think her forehead might have been higher without prejudice to her. Her eyebrows were full, even, and arched beyond the power of art to imitate. Her black eyes had a lustre in them which all her softness could not extinguish. Her nose was exactly regular, and her mouth, in which were two rows of ivory, exactly answered Sir John Suckling's description in those lines:

> "Her lips were red, and one was thin,
> Compar'd to that was next her chin
> Some bee had stung it newly."

Her cheeks were of the oval kind, and in her right she had a dimple which the least smile discovered. Her chin had certainly its share in forming the beauty of her face; but it was difficult to say it was either large or small, though perhaps it was rather of the former kind. Her complexion had rather more of the lily than of the rose, but when exercise or modesty increased her natural colour, no vermilion could equal it.

Such was the outside of Sophia; nor was this

beautiful frame disgraced by an inhabitant unworthy of it. Her mind was every way equal to her person; nay, the latter borrowed some charms from the former, for when she smiled, the sweetness of her temper diffused that glory over her countenance which no regularity of features can give.

HENRY FIELDING (*Tom Jones*).

LIZZIE.

O LIZZIE is so mild o' mind,
  Vor ever kind, an' ever true;
A-smilen, while her lids do rise
  To show her eyes as bright as dew.
An' comely do she look at night,
An' blushen wi' a rwose o' red
A-dancen in her skirt o' white,
Bezide her glossy head.

Feair is the rwose o' blushen hue,
  Behung wi' dew in mornen's hour,
Feair is the rwose, so sweet below
  The noontide glow, bezide the bower,
Vull feair, an' eet I 'd rather zee
The rwose a-gathered off the tree,
An' bloomen still with blossom red,
By Lizzie's glossy head.

WILLIAM BARNES.

DICKY OF TAUNTON DEAN.

Last New Year's Night I heard them say :
Young Dicky mounted Dobbin grey,
Away he rode to Taunton Dean,
To court the parson's daughter Jane.
Sing fal the dal diddle O i-gee O !

His buckskin breeches he put on ;
His Sunday clothes so neatly shone.
The hat that he wore on his head
Was neatly trimmed with ribbons red.
Sing fal, etc.

Away he trotted, and much he sweat
When he came nigh to the parson's gate,
And there he cried, " Hullo, hullo !
What, are the good people at home or no ? "
Sing fal, etc.

Miss Jane walked down all in a great sway,
To hear what Dicky had got to say :
" I am a good fellow although I 'm poor,
I never did fall in love before."
Sing fal, etc.

" If I consent to be your bride,
What will you for me provide,
For I can neither card nor spin,
Nor neither help your harvest in ? "
Sing fal, etc.

"Sixpence a day will never do
To gird me in silks and satins too,
Besides a coach when I take the air——"
"Whoa ho!" says Dicky, "you make me stare."
Sing fal, etc.

"Sixpence a day that won't find meat.
But faith," says Dick, "there are sacks of wheat,
And if you consent to marry me now,
I 'll feed you as fat as father's old sow."
Sing fal, etc.

His compliments were so polite,
They made the good people laugh outright.
So when young Dick had no more to say,
He mounted on Dobbin and rode away.
Sing fal the dal diddle O i-gee O!

ANONYMOUS.

MINE HOSTESS.

Mr. Jones, and Partridge, or Little Benjamin (which epithet of little was perhaps given him ironically, he being in reality nearly six feet high), having left their last quarters in the manner before described, travelled on to Gloucester, without meeting any adventure worth relating.

Being arrived here, they choose for their house of entertainment the sign of the "Bell," an excellent house indeed, and which I do most seriously recommend to every reader who shall visit this ancient city. The master of it is brother to the great preacher Whitfield; but is absolutely untainted with the pernicious principles of methodism, or of any other heretical sect. He is indeed a very honest, plain man, and in my opinion not likely to create any disturbance either in church or state. His wife hath, I believe, had much pretension to beauty, and is still a very fine woman. Her person and deportment might have made a shining figure in the politest assemblies; but though she must be conscious of this, and many other perfections, she seems perfectly contented with, and resigned to, that state of life to which she is called; and this resignation is entirely owing to the prudence and wisdom of her temper; for she is at present as free from any methodistical notions as her husband. I say at present: for she freely

confesses that her brother's documents made at first some impression upon her, and that she had put herself to the expense of a long hood in order to attend the extraordinary emotions of the spirit; but having found, during an experiment of three weeks, no emotions, she says, worth a farthing, she very wisely laid by her hood and abandoned the sect. To be concise, she is a very friendly, good-natured woman, and so industrious to oblige, that the guests must be of a very morose disposition who are not extremely well satisfied in her house.

HENRY FIELDING (*Tom Jones*).

THE WESTERN MAID: SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Ah, Mullidor, her face is like to a red and white daisy growing in a green meadow, and thou like a bee, that comest and suckest honey from it, and carriest it home to the hive with a heave and ho: that is as much as to say, as with a head full of woes and a heart full of sorrows and maladies. Be of good cheer, Mirimida laughs on thee, and thou knowest a woman's smile is as good to a lover as a sunshine day to a haymaker. She shows thee kind looks, and casts many a sheep's eye at thee; which signifies that she counst thee a man worthy to jump a match with her; nay, more, Mullidor, she hath given thee a nosegay of flowers, wherein as a top gallant for all the rest, is set in rosemary for remembrance. Ah, Mullidor, cheer thyself, fear not. Love, and fortune will favour lusty lads; cowards are not friends to affection: therefore venture, for thou hast won her: else she had not given thee this nosegay.

Robert Greene (from *Sephesta*).

A BRISTOL SERVING-MAID.

This Jenny Jones was no very comely girl, either in her face or person; but nature had somewhat compensated the want of beauty with what is generally more esteemed by those ladies whose judgment is arrived at years of perfect maturity; for she had given her a very uncommon share of understanding. This gift Jenny had a good deal improved by erudition. She had lived several years a servant with a schoolmaster, who, discovering a great quickness of parts in the girl, and an extraordinary desire of learning (for every leisure hour she was always found reading in the books of the scholars), had the good nature or folly, which the reader pleases to call it, to instruct her so far, that she obtained a very competent skill in the Latin language, and was, perhaps, as good a scholar as most of the young men of quality of the age. This advantage, however, like most others of an extraordinary kind, was attended with some small inconveniences: for as it is not to be wondered at, that a young woman so well accomplished should have little relish for the society of those whom fortune had made her equals, but whom education had rendered so much her inferiors; so it is matter of no great astonishment that this superiority in Jenny, together with that behaviour which is its certain consequence, should produce among the others some little envy and illwill

towards her; and these had, perhaps, secretly burnt in the bosoms of her neighbours ever since her return from her service.

HENRY FIELDING (*Tom Jones*).

AN EXMOOR GIRL.

BUT Annie, my other sister, was now a fine fair girl, beautiful to behold. I could look at her by the fireside for an hour together when I was not too sleepy, and think of my dear father. And she would do the same thing by me, only wait the between of the blazes. Her hair was done up in a knot behind, but some would fall over her shoulders, and the dancing of the light was sweet to see through a man's eyelashes. There never was a face that showed the light or the shadow of feeling, as if the heart were sun to it, more than our dear Annie's did. To look at her carefully, you might think that she was not dwelling on any thing; and then she would know you were looking at her, and those eyes would tell all about it. God knows that I try to be simple enough to keep to His meaning in me, and not make the worst of his children. Yet often have I been put to shame, and ready to bite my tongue off, after speaking amiss of any body, and letting out my littleness, when suddenly mine eyes have met the pure soft gaze of Annie.

R. D. BLACKMORE (*Lorna Doone*).

POLLY.

Now Polly Trevanion wears her hair
  In roguish ringlets, soft as down ;
And Polly Trevanion's face is fair :
  And Polly Trevanion's eyes are brown.

When Polly Trevanion passed my way,
  I brought her more than gold could buy.
My life, my death were hers that day.
  She scorned me with her lovely eye.

And Polly Trevanion tossed her hair—
  Those roguish ringlets, soft as down,—
For Polly Trevanion knows not care ;
  There is no pity in her frown.

So, all you happy boys, beware,
  And hold your hearts from beauty's lure ;
For Polly Trevanion's face, though fair,
  Shall leave a wound that none may cure.

GRACE FRANKFIELD.

LORNA.

I HAD never heard so sweet a sound as came from between her bright red lips, while there she knelt and gazed at me; neither had I ever seen anything so beautiful as the large dark eyes intent upon me, full of pity and wonder. And then, my nature being slow, and perhaps, for that matter, heavy, I wandered with my hazy eyes down the black shower of her hair, as to my jaded gaze it seemed; and where it fell on the turf, among it (like an early star) was the first primrose of the season. And since that day I think of her, through all the rough storms of my life, when I see an early primrose.

Here was I, a yeoman's boy, a yeoman every inch of me, even where I was naked; and there was she, a lady born, and thoroughly aware of it, and dressed by people of rank and taste, who took pride in her beauty, and set it to advantage. For though her hair was fallen down, by reason of her wildness, and some of her frock was touched with wet, where she had tended me so, behold her dress was pretty enough for the queen of all the angels! The colours were bright and rich indeed, and the substance very sumptuous, yet simple and free from tinsel stuff, and matching most harmoniously. All from her waist to her neck was white, plaited in close like a curtain, and the dark soft weeping of her hair, and the

shadowy light of her eyes (like a wood rayed through with sunset), made it seem yet whiter, as if it were done on purpose. As for the rest, she knew what it was a great deal better than I did, for I never could look far away from her eyes, when they were opened upon me.

R. D Blackmore (*Lorna Doone*).

ELLEN.

To flourish in my favourite bower,
To blossom round my cot,
I cultivate this little flower,
They call Forget me-not.

It springs where Avon gently flows
In wild simplicity;
And 'neath my cottage window grows,
Sacred to love and thee.

This pretty little floweret's dye
Of soft cerulean blue,
Appears as if from Ellen's eye
It had received its hue.

Though oceans now betwixt us roar,
Though distant be our lot,
Ellen, though we should meet no more,
Sweet maid, Forget-me-not!

Anon.

ANOTHER WEST-COUNTRY HEROINE.

Rose Salterne was a thorough specimen of a West-coast maiden, full of passionate, impulsive affections, and wild, dreamy imaginations—a fit subject, as the North Devon women are still, for all romantic and gentle superstitions. Left early without a mother's care, she had fed her fancy upon the legends and ballads of her native land, till she believed—what did she not believe?—of mermaids and pixies, charms and witches, dreams and omens, and all that world of magic in which most of the countrywomen, and countrymen too, believed firmly enough but twenty years ago. Then her father's house was seldom without some merchant or sea-captain from foreign parts, who, like Othello, had his tales of—

> "Antres vast, and deserts idle,
> Of rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads reach heaven."

And—

> "And of the cannibals that each other eat,
> The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders."

All which tales she, like Desdemona, devoured with greedy ears whenever she could "the house affairs with haste dispatch." And when these failed, there was still boundless store of wonders open to her in old romances, which were then to be found in every English house of the

better class. The Legend of King Arthur, Florice and Blancheflour, Sir Ysumbras, Sir Guy of Warwick, Palamon and Arcite, and the Romaunt of the Rose, were her text-books and canonical authorities. And lucky it was, perhaps, for her that Sidney's *Arcadia* was still *in petto*, or Mr. Frank (who had already seen the first book or two in manuscript, and extolled it above all books past, present, or to come) would have surely brought a copy down for Rose, and thereby have turned her poor little flighty brains upside down for ever. And with her head full of these, it was no wonder if she had likened herself of late more than once to some of those peerless princesses of old, for whose fair hand paladins and kaisers thundered against each other in tilted field; and perhaps she would not have been sorry (provided, of course, no one was killed) if duels and passages of arms in honour of her, as her father, reasonably dreaded, had actually taken place.

CHARLES KINGSLEY (*Westward Ho*).

TESS.

THE young girls formed, indeed, the majority of the band, and their heads of luxuriant hair reflected in the sunshine every tone of gold, and black, and brown. Some had beautiful eyes, others a beautiful nose, others a beautiful mouth and figure: few, if any, had all . . .

A young member of the band turned her head. . . . She was a fine and handsome girl—not handsomer than some others, possibly—but her mobile peony mouth and large innocent eyes added eloquence to colour and shape. She wore a red ribbon in her hair, and was the only one of the white company who could boast of such a pronounced adornment. . . .

Tess Durbeyfield at this time of her life was a mere vessel of emotion, untinctured by experience. The dialect was on her tongue to some extent, despite the village school, the characteristic intonation of that dialect for this district being the voicing approximately rendered by the syllable UR, probably as rich an utterance as any to be found in human speech. . . . Phases of her childhood lurked in her aspect still. As she walked along to-day, for all her bouncing handsome womanliness, you could sometimes see her twelfth year in her cheeks, or her ninth sparkling from her eyes, and even her fifth would flit over the curves of her mouth now and then.

THOMAS HARDY (*Tess of the D'Urbevilles*).

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

In Devonshire lived a rich farmer,
His daughter to market did go,
Believing that no one would harm her,
She oftentimes rode to and fro.

It happened one day on a Wednesday,
A great deal of corn she had sold.
She went to receive every penny;
They paid her in silver and gold.

All in her portmantle she put it,
All in her portmantle put she,
For fear of some beggars or troopers,
A-robbing all on the highway.

One gay gallant trooper she met with,
He bade this poor damsel to stay.
She would not have stayed for the heavens,
But galloped along the highway.

He pulled this poor girl from the saddle,
He gave her his bridle to hold;
While she stood a-shaking and bavering,
Almost a-froze with the cold.

She up with her foot in his stirrup,
Away she did ride like a man:
"Come follow me, follow me, trooper!
Come follow me now, if you can!"

He ran, but he could not get after,
His boots they were baffled in snows :
" Come rein up, my pretty young damsel,
I give back your money and clothes."

" No matter, no matter ! " she shouted :
" Here are bags where your treasure is told,
Your portmantle is lumpy and heavy,
I can tell by the jingle it 's gold."

She rode over hills, over mountains,
Till she came to her father's own gate.
Her father was sorely affrighted
To see her come home in her white :

" O where have you been to, my daughter ?
O where have you tarried so long ? "
" Some very rough wars I have met with,
But still I have suffered no wrong."

He looked in the trooper's portmantle,
And in the portmantle he found
Large pieces of gold and of silver,
Which counted to six hundred pound.

" Here 's six hundred pound, my dear daughter,
And I will add six hundred more.
You now have a plentiful fortune
To keep the cold wind from the door."

TRADITIONAL.

QUEEN OF THE MAY.

As I walked through the meadows to take the
fresh air,
The flowers were blooming and gay ;
I heard a young damsel so sweetly a-singing,
Her cheeks like the blossom in May.
Said I, " Pretty maid, shall I go with you
In the meadows to gather some may ? "
She answered, " O no, sir, my pathway is here,
Any other would lead me astray."

So she pattered along with her dear little feet,
But I followed and soon came a-near ;
And I called her so pretty and dapper and pert,
That she took me at last for her dear.
I took the fair maid by her lily-white hand,
On the green bushy bank we sat down,
Then I placed a kiss on her sweet ruby lips ;
A tree spread its branches around.

So when we did rise from the green bushy grove,
In the meadows we wandered away,
And I placed my love on a primèrose bank,
While I picked her a handful of may.
It was early next morning I made her my bride,
Our vows in the church for to pay.
So bells they did ring, and the bride she did sing
As I crowned her the sweet Queen of May.

ANON.

BARRY LYNDON AND THE GIRLS.

All the journey down to Hackton Castle, the largest and most ancient of our ancestral seats in Devonshire, was performed with the slow and sober state becoming people of the first quality in the realm. An outrider in my livery went before us, and bespoke our lodging from town to town, and thus we lay in state at Andover, Ilminster, and Exeter, and the fourth evening arrived in time for supper before the antique baronial mansion, of which the gate was in an odious Gothic taste that would have set Mr. Walpole wild with pleasure. . . .

Round Hackton village the scene of welcome was particularly gay: a band of music had been brought from Plymouth, and arches and flags had been raised, especially before the attorney's and the doctor's houses, who were both in the employ of the family. There were many hundreds of stout people at the great lodge, which, with the park wall, bounds one side of Hackton Green, and from which, for three miles, goes an avenue of noble elms up to the towers of the old castle. . . . Before we reached Hackton Castle we had to drive through ten miles of the Lyndon estates, where the people were out to visit us, the church bells set a-ringing, the parson and the farmers assembled in their best by the roadside, and the school children and the

labouring-people were loud in their hurrahs for her ladyship. I flung money among these worthy characters, stopped to bow and chat with his reverence and the farmers, and if I found that the Devonshire girls were among the handsomest in the kingdom, is it my fault? These remarks my Lady Lyndon especially would take in great dudgeon, and I do believe she was made more angry by my admiration of the red cheeks of Miss Betsy Quarringdon, of Clumpton, than by any previous speech or act of mine in the journey.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.
(*Barry Lyndon*).

A QUEEN OF CURDS AND WHEY.

"Our Ursie" is taller than her mother. The hope of future portliness, justified by her upright bearing and the ripe curves of her bust, only adds a richness to the glory of her perfect youth. She wore a summer frock the colour of ripe barley, with a smocked yoke; and above it, against the pale background, the head of "our Ursie" was as strikingly bright as a single poppy against a grey sky above a field of corn. Her dark hair was rolled back from her forehead, and crowned with a comb. Her cheeks, as a maid's should be "in her one-and-twenty," were the colour of the morning, and her eyes as merry as twinkling stars. "Our Ursie," to my mind, is enthroned on the very summit of the dairy business—a veritable Queen of Curds and Whey. . . . When Her Majesty laughs, all sorts of dimples come upon her cheeks, and ripple round the corners of her mouth. Her mirth suffers no restraint. It is audible at a distance like a peal of bells. . . . I never saw merrier eyes in my life. They are honest, too, and not afraid to look you in the face.

Walter Raymond (*English Country Life*).

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOVE.

How warm this woodland wild recess!
  Love surely hath been breathing here.
  And this sweet bed of heath, my dear!
Swells up, then sinks with fain caress,
  As if to have you yet more near.

Eight springs have flown, since last I lay
  On sea-ward Quantock's heathy hills,
  Where quiet sounds from hidden rills
Float here and there, like things astray,
  And high o'erhead the sky-lark shrills.

No voice as yet had made the air
  Be music with your name; yet why
  That asking look? that yearning sigh?
That sense of promise everywhere?
  Beloved! flew your spirit by!

As when a mother doth explore
  The rose-mark on her long-lost child,
  I met, I loved you, maiden mild!
As whom I long had loved before—
  So deeply had I been beguiled.

You stood before me like a thought,
  A dream remember'd in a dream.
  But when those meek eyes first did seem
To tell me, Love within you wrought—
  O Greta! dear domestic stream!

Has not, since then, Love's prompture deep,
  Has not Love's whisper evermore
  Been ceaseless as thy gentle roar ?
Sole voice, when other voices sleep,
  Dear under-song in Clamour's hour.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

IN THE LANE (BRIDGWATER).

GREEN branches laced a burning sky,
And all the lane was mottled shade
When she came by.
Her face is with me to this hour,
I think there was no fairer flower
In all the fields that day.

Now London lodgings hold me high
Above a lane where bawling life
Goes sadly by.
But she has made this lane for me,
A place where I may daily see
Some beauty pass my way ;
Because, in a far western lane,
She smiled, and turned to smile again.

GRACE FRANKFIELD.

A SONG ADDRESSED TO MISS C----AM OF BRISTOL.

As Spring now approaches with all his gay train,
And scatters his beauties around the green plain,
Come then, my dear charmer, all scruples remove,
Accept of my passion, allow me to love.

Without the soft transports which love must inspire,
Without the sweet torment of fear and desire,
Our thoughts and ideas are never refin'd,
And nothing but winter can reign in the mind.

But love is the blossom, the spring of the soul,
The frosts of our judgments may check, not control,
In spite of each hindrance, the spring will return,
And Nature with transports refining will burn.

This passion celestial, by Heav'n was design'd,
The only fix'd means of improving the mind,
When it beams on the senses, they quickly display,
How great and prolific, how pleasing the ray.

Then come, my dear charmer, since love is a flame
Which polishes Nature, and angels your frame,
Permit the soft passion to rise in your breast,
I leave your good nature to grant me the rest.

Shall the beautiful flow'rets all blossom around,
Shall Flora's gay mantle enamel the ground,
Shall the red blushing blossom be seen on the tree,
Without the least pleasure or rapture for me ?

And yet, if my charmer should frown when I sing,
Ah ! what are the beauties, the glories of spring !
The flowers will be faded, all happiness fly,
And clouds veil the azure of every bright sky.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

THE DO'SET COQUETTE.

GEORGE HANGER was not the only young man who would have liked to be looked upon as Sally's swain. There were, as she had assured her father, half-a-dozen young men who would have gone to great lengths to win her favour. Tom Pillerby, Grantumen, Sam Hollins, Bill Dominy, George Penridderick, were all her admirers. She distributed her favours impartially and flirted with them till there were quarrels and feuds among them—Penridderick and Hollins did indeed make her a *casus belli* on one occasion—but none of them was made happy by being singled out for the supreme distinction. No one knew better than she did herself that in physical charms and exuberant vitality she was the most generously dowered maiden in the village, and she did not mean to throw away her only fortune for nothing. She hated the hard, grinding life of poverty that would be the unending lot of her parents and nine-tenths of the village with a whole-souled hatred, and marriage to one of her admirers, excepting perhaps the keeper and Grantumen, did not promise her a less sordid life; and even life with the two exceptions, was not, in her opinion, such as her dower entitled her to. But she was proud of their devotion, their attempts at gallantry, their readiness to serve her in anything she might command.

ORME AGNUS (*Sarah Tuldon*).

IV.

WEST-COUNTRY SPORT AND FESTIVAL.

Gay festivals they have in the Western counties, faires and junketings, and such-like revels, at which there is a fine show of high spirits and rich homely hospitality.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

WIDDICOMBE FAIR.

Tom Pearse, Tom Pearse, lend me your grey mare,
All along, out along, down along lea ;
For I want for to go to Widdicombe Fair
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davey, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke,
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all—old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

And when shall I zee again my grey mare ?
All along, out along, down along lea ;
By Vriday noon or Zatterday zoon,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davey, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke,
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all—old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

Now Friday came, and Zatterday zoon.
All along, out along, down along lea ;
But Tom Pearse's old mare have not trotted home
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davey, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke,
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all—old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

Zo Tom Pearse he gets up to the top o' the hill,
All along, out along, down along lea ;
An' he zees his old mare down a-making her will
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davey, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke,
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all—old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

Then Tom Pearse's old mare her took zick and died,
All along, out along, down along lea ;
And Tom Pearse he zat down on a stone an' he cried
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davey, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke,
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all—old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

But this wasn't the end of the lively career,
All along, out along, down along lea ;
Of the men and the horse who had died of good beer,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davey, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke,
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all—old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

When the wind whustles cold on the moor of a night,
All along, out along, down along lea ;
Tom Pearse's old mare doth appear, gashly white,

Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davey, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke,
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all—old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

An' all the night long be heard skirling and groans,
All along, out along, down along lea ;
From Tom Pearse's old mare and her rattling bones,
An' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davey, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke,
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all—old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all !

OLD DEVON SONG.

THE APPLE WASSAIL (OLD TWELFTH DAY).

A BUCKET of hot cider, with toast floating on the top, is now sent out by the owner of the orchard, be he squire or farmer. The toast is placed in the apple trees for robins to eat, while the cider lubricates the throats of the singers. They form a curious and picturesque sight, these men in their rough working clothes, on a bright and frosty night, with the moon shining down through the bare and rugged branches of the apple trees on their scarcely less rugged features; and if by chance there be a few inches of snow on the ground, the effect is perfect. . . . You fancy yourself assisting at a Druidical function of the dark ages. The whole company then march up to the back entrance of the house, singing a verse; upon which knocking is heard, the door is opened, and the men come in. More cider is supplied, and dancing is indulged in. If the maidservants of the establishment are many and comely, the visit is often prolonged.

WILLIAM ELTON.

WASSAIL SONG.

WASSAIL! Wassail! all round the town,
The zidur cup is white and the zidur is brown.
Our zidur is made from good apple trees,
And now, my fine fellows, we 'll drink if you please.
We 'll drink your health with all our heart,
We 'll drink to 'ee all before we part.

Here 's one and here 's two,
And here 's three before we goo.
We 're three jolly boys, all in a row.
All in a row, boys, all in a row,
And we are three jolly boys, all in a row.

This is our wassail, our jolly wassail,
And joy go with our jolly wassail.
Hatfuls, capfuls, dice basket, basketfuls,
And a little heap in under the stairs.

OLD SOMERSET SONG.

WEST-COUNTRY MAY-DAY CAROL.

Awake, ye pretty maids, awake,
Refreshed from drowsy dream,
And haste to dairy house, and take
For us a dish of cream.

If not a dish of yellow cream,
Then give us kisses three.
The woodland bower is white with flower,
And green is every tree.

A branch of may we bear about,
Before the door it stands:
There 's not a sprout unbudded out,
The work of God's own hands.

Awake, awake, ye pretty maids,
And take the may-bush in,
Or 'twill be gone ere to-morrow morn,
And you 'll have none within.

The life of man is but a span,
He blossoms as a flower,
He makes no stay, is here to-day,
And vanished in an hour.

My song is done, I must be gone,
Nor make a longer stay.
God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you gladsome May.

Traditional.

THE HUNT IN SOMERSET.

We ride towards the spot where, in all probability, he will break, and as the voices of the hounds come nearer and yet more near, you may almost hear the pulses of the throng of spectators standing by the gate of that large oat stubble beat with excitement. Hark! a rustle in the wood, then a pause; then a rush, and then, in his full glory and majesty, on the bank separating the wood from the field, stands the noble animal. Look at him! Mark his full, thoughtful eye, his noble bearing; look at his beamed frontlet, how he bears it—not a trace of fear about his gestures—all dignified and noble, yet how full of thought and sagacity. He pauses for a moment, perfectly regardless of the hundreds at the gate who gaze upon him. He has too well considered his course of action to be deterred from making good his point; quietly and attentively he listens to the tufters as, with unerring instinct, they approach. His noble head moves more quickly from side to side, the moment for action has arrived; the covert is no longer safe, he must seek safety in flight, and look to securer shades. So he gathers himself together to run his course. The first bound is full of grace, at the same time gazing at the hunters which are near to him—his momentary pause, ere he takes a few strides as if he feared them not, and then a bounding trot,

which may be better styled the very poetry of motion, which is soon exchanged for a long, easy, stately gallop. The tufters are stopped. Sam and his coadjutors emerge from the covert, the pack is laid on after law is given. The signal is sounded, the hounds press forward and are unrestrained—they dash, fling up their sterns—a whimper, a crash—they are off, and a hundred horsemen follow, as best they may, across the wild open waste of Exmoor. The pace is tremendous. The ground uneven, and often deep—already a tail—many a gallant steed is sobbing. On—on still, till we come to Bagworthy Water.

CHARLES PALK COLLYNS.

SONG OF THE EXMOOR HUNT.

HARK! hark to the horn! how it rings in the ear,
Of the Exe and the Barle and the bonny red deer,
The harbourer's pride with his branches and tines,
A forest-king bearing his "'rights" for the "signs"—
And Bissett afield, on his stout trusty grey,
The Parson's black nag and the Dulverton bay:
For the tufters are hard on their quest in the wood,
With shuffle and traverse and thirsting for blood,
When Challenger raises his head, giving tongue,
As the hazels go crash to the jolly old song,
Hark back! give him play, let him get well away,
Then off altogether at Forrard! Hooray!

There 's a northerly breeze blowing in from the sea,
And the hunters are merry as merry can be—
For the sun has popped out from his bed in the cloud,
As the pack is laid on, while bold Arthur, aloud,
Cries "Tight-en your girths, they are hard on the spoor,
It 's O for a jolly good run on the moor!"
Hark together! Away! We are off with a bound
As the horn its tantivy, tantivy doth sound,

For a warranted stag, with its brow, bay, and tray,
Is making for Dunkery Beacon to-day.
Hark together! Away! Hark together!
Away!
Hark! Forrard together! Hark! Forrard
Away!

EDWARD CAPERN.

GWAIN TO FEAIR.

To-MORROW stir so brisk 's you can,
An' get your work up under han';
Vor I an' Jim an' Poll's young man,
Shall goo to feair; an' zoo,
If you wull let us gi'e ye a earm,
Along the road, or in the zwarm
O' volk, we 'll keep ye out o' harm,
An' gie ye a feairen too.

We won't stay late there, I 'll be boun';
We 'll bring our sheades off out o' town
A mile, avore the zun is down,
If he 's a sheenen clear.
Zoo when your work is all a-done,
Your mother can't but let ye run
An' zee a little o' the fun,
There 's nothen there to fear.

WILLIAM BARNES.

MR. TEMPLER'S ADDRESS TO HIS OLD HORN.

Though toil hath somewhat worn my frame,
And time hath marred thy beauty;
Come forth, lone relic of my fame,
Thou well hast done thy duty.

Time was when other tongues would praise
Thy wavering notes of pleasure;
Now, miser-like, alone I gaze
On thee a useless treasure.

Some hearts may prize thy music still,
But ah! how changed the story;
Since first Devonia felt the thrill
That roused her sporting glory.

Grace still in every vale abounds,
But one dear charm is wanting;
No more I hear my gallant hounds,
In chorus blithely chanting.

And there my steed has found a rest,
Beneath the mountain heather,
That oft, like comrades sworn, we 've prest
In pleasure's train together.

And some who at thy call would wake,
Hath friendship long been weeping,
A shriller note than thine must break
Their deep and dreamless sleeping.

I, too, the fading wreath resign,
For friends and fame are fleeting,
Around his bolder brow to twine,
Where younger blood is beating.

Henceforth be mute, my treasured horn,
Since time hath marred thy beauty,
And I, like thee, by toil am worn,
We both have done our duty.

PAUL TREBY.

THE HUNT TOAST, EXMOOR.

IN more chivalrous times the head of the deer, after a good run, was produced in the evening with a silver cup in his mouth, out of which the favourite toast was drunk. The custom is still kept up on Exmoor by the huntsmen, whippers-in, farmers, and others, and the operation is performed in the following manner: The cup is placed in the stag's mouth, secured with a cord to prevent its falling out. When it is filled to the brim, the person who is to drink it holds a horn in each hand, and brings it to his mouth, when he must finish it at one draught.

"NIMROD" (*The Chase.*)

VILLAGE SPORTS, SOMERSET.

We were ready for the sports and competitions, and the sheep-shearers, who do not require music, were started while the brass band, which had played during the speeches, retired into the marquee to dinner. . . . Uncle Dick, in particular, was anxious that the band should be kept well nourished and sustained, because much was expected of it, and the music was known to be first-class and remarkable. He walked from one to another, a jug in each hand, declaring that no man can blow brass if he 's dry. Then came the sports, and in them we had no old-world games, no sack-races, no wheel-barrow, but a military tournament with tent-pegging and the slicing of lemons with cavalry swords. We did not really have lemons, which are expensive and scarcely known at Sutton, but substituted the finest potatoes eyes ever saw. Then there were pony races and foot races for girls, but still the thoughts of Uncle Dick, keeping always in view the evening dance, dwelt upon refreshment for the band. Now and then his voice might be heard across the field: "For God's sake, Ebenezer Dark, don't let 's forget the band!"

The band was not forgotten. When the hour for dancing came there was a certain want of unanimity about the brass, but this was amply compensated for by the precision of the big drum.

The youth of Sutton, with peonies in their buttonholes, without invitation seized the willing maids all dressed in white, and frisked and bobbed them round as merry as lambkins. You cannot waltz upon the grass, and they danced the old country dances of long ago, which were so much like romps. At the winter dance in the schoolroom Sutton can waltz well enough, and is proud of it; at Club-Walking they go back to "Hunt the Squirrel" and "Four Hand Reels." And still the voice of Uncle Dick was to be heard at intervals: "Ebenezer, for God's sake don't let 's forget the band!"

WALTER RAYMOND (*No Soul Above Money*).

A DO'SET WEDDING.

The wedding took place in Barleigh Church in the presence of all the villagers who could by any means get there. It was, indeed, a wedding to be talked about. Sally had wheedled David into hiring the coach of Mr. Jennings of Suckton, a dilapidated and lumbering vehicle, but none the less impressive. David was most uncomfortable in a suit of clothes, the like of which he had never possessed before, and he did not display to the best advantage his gaudy breeches, flowered waistcoat, ruffled shirt, and bottle-green coat. It was only by flattery that Sarah had got him to array himself like "the lilies of the field," as one old dame put it. She herself—of course at her lover's expense—was attired in a white silk dress, and all who can recollect her are agreed that no more beautiful bride ever stood before the altar in Barleigh Church.

The dinner was somewhat of a stately ceremony, but the evening was given up to full-bodied merriment. There were food and drink in abundance, and the bride had had the large barn cleared, and the evening passed in dancing and singing, varied with whole-hearted attacks on the victuals. Little wonder that it left such an ineffaceable impression in Barleigh, when some of those present were satisfying their hunger with wholesome food for the first time in many weeks.

Orme Agnus (*Sarah Tuldon*).

BRIDGWATER FAIR.

All you who roam, both young and old,
Come listen to my story bold.
For miles around, from far and near,
They come to see the rigs o' the fair.
O Master John, do you beware!
And don't go kissing the girls at Bridgwater Fair.

The lads and lasses they come through
From Stowey, Stogursey and Cannington too.
The farmer from Fiddlington, true as my life,
He 's come to the fair to look for a wife.
O Master John, do you beware!
And don't go kissing the girls at Bridgwater Fair.

There 's Tom and Jack, they look so gay,
With Sal and Kit they haste away
To shout and laugh and have a spree,
And dance and sing right merrily.
O Master John, do you beware!
And don't go kissing the girls at Bridgwater Fair.

The jovial ploughboys all serene,
They dance the maidens on the green.
Says John to Mary: "Don't you know
We won't go home till morning, O?"
O Master John, do you beware!
And don't go kissing the girls at Bridgwater Fair.

It 's up with the fiddle and off with the dance,
The lads and lasses gaily prance :
And when it 's time to go away,
They swear to meet again next day.
O Master John, do you beware !
And don't go kissing the girls at Bridgwater Fair.

SOMERSET SONG (Traditional).

SOMERSET MERRY-MAKINGS.

QUIET and sequestered as this romantic spot (Culbone) at present is, it has heretofore borne an honourable name in the annals of rustic revelry. Its rocks have echoed to the shouts of multitudinous mirth, and its woods rung with the symphonious music of all the neighbouring bands. In plain English, a revel or fair was wont to be held here in times of yore.

About forty-five years agone I was at a noble revel in this spot ; three hundred people at least were collected together, and rare fun, to be sure, was going forward. A little warmed with dancing, and somewhat flustered with ale (for certainly Dame Mathews did sell stinging good stuff), I determined to have a touch at skittles, and sport away a sixpence or shilling, which I could do without much danger, as I had a golden half guinea in my pocket. To play, therefore, I went ; but the liquor getting into my head, I could not throw the bowl straight, and quickly lost the game, and two shillings and ninepence to boot.

RICHARD WARNER, 1799
(*Notes of a Tour in the West*).

SHEEP-SHEARING SONG.

How delightful to see,
In those evenings in spring,
The sheep going home to the fold :
The master doth sing,
As he views everything,
And his dog goes before him where told.

The sixth month of the year,
In the month callèd June,
When the weather 's too hot to be borne,
The master doth say,
As he goes on his way,
To-morrow my sheep shall be shorn.

Now as for those sheep,
They 're delightful to see ;
They 're a blessing to a man on his farm.
For their flesh it is good,
It 's the best of all food,
And the wool it will clothe us up warm.

Now the sheep they 're all shorn,
And the wool carried home,
Here 's a health to our master and flock ;
And if we should stay
Till the last goes away,
I 'm afraid 'twill be past twelve o'clock.

TRADITIONAL.

ANOTHER.

It 's a rosebud in June, and violets in full bloom,
And the small birds singing love songs on each spray ;
We 'll pipe and we 'll sing, Love,
We 'll dance in a ring, Love,
When each lad takes his lass
All on the green grass ;
And it 's all to plough where the fat oxen graze low,
And the lads and the lasses to sheep-shearing go.

When we have sheared all our jolly, jolly sheep,
What joy can be greater than to talk of their increase ?
We 'll pipe and we 'll sing, Love,
We 'll dance in a ring, Love,
When each lad takes his lass
All on the green grass ;
And it 's all to plough where the fat oxen graze low,
And the lads and the lasses to sheep-shearing go.

With the lily-white pail filled full of brown ale,
Our table, our table is all on the green grass ;
We 'll pipe and we 'll sing, Love,
All, all in a ring, Love,
When each lad takes his lass
All on the green grass ;
And it 's all to plough where the fat oxen graze low,
And the lads and the lasses to sheep-shearing go.

UNKNOWN.

A NEW YEARES GIFT SENT TO SIR SIMEON STEWARD.

No news of Navies burnt at Seas ;
No noise of late spawn'd Tittyries :
No closset plot, or open vent,
That frights men with a Parliament :
No new devise, or late-found trick,
To read by th' Starres, the Kingdoms sick :
No ginne to catch the State, or wring
The free-born Nosthrills of the King,
We send to you ; but here a jolly
Verse crown'd with Yvie, and with Holly :
That tels of Winters Tales and Mirth,
That Milk-Maids make about the hearth,
Of Christmas sports, the Wassell-boule,
That tost up, after Fox-i' th' hole :
Of Blind-man-buffe, and of the care
That young men have to shooe the Mare :
Of Twelf-tide Cakes, of Pease, and Beanes
Wherewith ye make those merry Sceanes,
Whenas ye chuse your King and Queen,
And cry out, " Hey, for our town green."
Of Ash-heapes, in the which ye use
Husbands and Wives by streakes to chuse :
Of crackling Laurell, which fore-sounds
A Plenteous harvest to your grounds :
Of these, and such like things, for shift,
We send in stead of New-yeares gift.
Read then, and when your faces shine

With bucksome meat and capring Wine :
Remember us in Cups full crown'd,
And let our Citie-health go round,
Quite through the young maids and the men,
To the ninth number, if not tenne ;
Until the firèd Chesnuts leape
For joy, to see the fruits ye reape,
From the plumpe Challice, and the Cup,
That tempts till it be tossèd up :
Then as ye sit about your embers,
Call not to mind those fled Decembers ;
But think on these, that are t' appeare,
As Daughters to the instant yeare :
Sit crown'd with Rose-buds, and carouse,
Till *Liber Pater* twirles the house
About your eares ; and lay upon
The yeare (your cares) that 's fled and gon.
And let the russet Swaines the Plough
And Harrow hang up resting now ;
And to the Bag-pipe all addresse ;
Till sleep takes place of wearinesse.
And thus, throughout, with Christmas playes
Frolick the full twelve Holy-dayes.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE PUPPET-SHOW IN THE WEST.

And now Partridge, who kept even pace with Jones, discovered something painted flying in the air, a very few yards before him, which fancying to be the colours of the enemy, he fell a-bellowing, "O Lord, sir, here they are; there is the crown and coffin. O Lord! I never saw anything so terrible; and we are within gunshot of them already."

Jones no sooner looked up than he plainly perceived what it was which Partridge had thus mistaken. "Partridge," says he, "I fancy you will be able to engage this whole army yourself; for by the colours I guess what the drum was which we heard before, and which beats up for recruits to a puppet-show."

"A puppet-show," answered Partridge, with most eager transport. "And is it really no more than that? I love a puppet-show of all the pastimes upon earth. Do, good sir, let us tarry and see it. Besides, I am quite famished to death, for it is now almost dark, and I have not eat a morsel since three o'clock in the morning."

Before our travellers had finished their dinner night came on, and as the moon was now past the full, it was extremely dark. Partridge therefore prevailed on Jones to stay and see the puppet-show, which was just going to begin, and to which they were very eagerly invited by the

master of the said show, who declared that his figures were the finest which the world had ever produced, and that they had given great satisfac tion to all the quality in every town in England.

The puppet-show was performed with great regularity and decency. It was called the fine and serious part of the *Provoked Husband;* and it was indeed a very grave and solemn entertainment, without any low wit or humour, or jests; or, to do it no more than justice, without anything which could provoke a laugh. The audience were all highly pleased. A grave matron told the master she would bring her two daughters the next night, as he did not show any stuff; and an attorney's clerk and an exciseman both declared that the characters of Lord and Lady Townley were well preserved, and highly in nature. Partridge likewise concurred with this opinion.

HENRY FIELDING (*Tom Jones*).

THE WAKE.

Come, Anthea, let us two
Go to Feast, as others do.
Tarts and Custards, Creams and Cakes
Are the Junketts still at Wakes:
Unto which the Tribes resort,
Where the businesse is the sport:
Morris-dancers thou shalt see,
Marian too in Pagentrie:
And a Mimick to devise
Many grinning properties.
Players there will be, and those
Base in action as in clothes:
Yet with strutting they will please
The incurious Villages.
Neer the dying of the day,
There will be a Cudgell-Play,
Where a Coxcomb will be broke,
Ere a good word can be spoke:
But the anger ends all here,
Drencht in Ale, or drown'd in Beere.
Happy Rusticks, best content
With the cheapest Merriment:
And possesse no other feare,
Then to want the Wake next Yeare.

Robert Herrick.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

THERE came three men from out the West,
Their victory to try,
And they have taken a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.
Sing ri fol lol, the diddle al the dee,
Right fal leero dee.

They took a plough and ploughed him in,
Laid clods upon his head :
And they have taken a solemn oath
John Barleycorn is dead.
Sing ri fol lol, the diddle al the dee,
Right fal leero dee.

So then he lay for a full fortnight,
Till the dew from heaven did fall :
John Barleycorn sprung up again,
And that surprised them all.
Sing ri fol lol, the diddle al the dee,
Right fal leero dee.

But when he faced the summer sun
He looked both pale and wan,
For all he had a spiky beard
To show he was a man.
Sing ri fol lol, the diddle al the dee,
Right fal leero dee.

But Barleycorn has noble blood,
It lives when it is shed.
It turns a tinker to a lord,
It fills the empty head.
Sing ri fol lol, the diddle al the dee,
Right fal leero dee.

It makes the widow's heart to sing,
And turns the coward bold :
It fills the cupboard and the purse
With bread and meat and gold.
Sing ri fol lol, the diddle al the dee,
Right fal lēero dee !

ANONYMOUS.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

ALL the world 's a snatch of song—
Holiday ! Holiday !
Golden girls and boys as brave,
Brighter than the rainbow wave,
Flash and flutter through the throng.
O sweet children, laugh at sorrows,
Snap your finger at to-morrows ;
Youth and Love to you belong—
Holiday ! Holiday !

Wilding flowers are not more fair—
Holiday ! Holiday !
Sun and song are yours to-day,
Laugh with April, sing with May,
Live your hour, if so you dare !
Toil and town must follow Sundays ;
So, my Saturday-to-Mondays,
Kick your little heels at Care !
Holiday ! Holiday !

THOMAS BURKE.

A HARVEST HOME.

THEN the golden harvest came, waving on the broad hill-side, and nestling in the quiet nooks scooped from out the fringe of wood. A wealth of harvest, such as never gladdened all our country-side since my father ceased to reap, and his sickle hung to rust. There had not been a man on Exmoor fit to work that reaping-hook, since the time its owner fell, in the prime of life and strength, before a sterner reaper. But now I took it from the wall, where mother proudly stored it, while she watched me, hardly knowing whether she should smile or cry.

All the parish was assembled in our upper courtyard; for we were to open the harvest that year, as had been settled with Farmer Nicholas, and with Jasper Kebby, who held the third or little farm. We started in proper order, therefore, as our practice is: first, the parson, Josiah Bowden, wearing his gown and cassock, with the parish Bible in his hand, and a sickle strapped behind him. As he strode along well and stoutly, being a man of substance, all our family came next, I leading mother with one hand, in the other bearing my father's hook, and with a loaf of our own bread and a keg of cider upon my back. . . . And then the clerk gave out a psalm verse by verse, done very well; although he sneezed in the midst of it, from a beard of

wheat thrust up his nose by the rival cobbler at Brendon. And when the psalm was sung, so strongly that the foxgloves on the bank were shaking, like a chime of bells, at it, parson took a stoop of cider, and we all fell to at reaping.

Of course, I mean the men, not women; although I know that up the country women are allowed to reap; and right well they reap it, keeping row for row with men, comely, and in due order; yet, meseems, the men must ill attend to their own reaping-hooks, in fear lest the other cut themselves, being the weaker vessel. But in our part, women do what seems their proper business, following well behind the men, out of harm of the swinging-hook, and stooping with their breasts and arms up they catch the swathes of corn where the reapers cast them, and tucking them together tightly with a wisp laid under them, this they fetch around and twist, with a knee to keep it close; and lo, there is a goodly sheaf, ready to set up in stooks! After these the children come, gathering each for his little self, if the farmer be right-minded, until each hath a bundle made as big as himself and longer, and tumbles now and again with it, in the deeper part of the stubble.

R. D. Blackmore (*Lorna Doone*).

A WEST-COUNTRY PAGEANT.

However, on went Loyalty, very well pleased with himself; and next, amid much cheering, two great tinsel fish, a salmon and a trout, symbolical of the wealth of Torridge, waddled along, by means of two human legs and a staff apiece, which protruded from the fishes' stomachs. They drew (or seemed to draw, for half the 'prentices in the town were shoving it behind, and cheering on the panting monarchs of the flood) a car wherein sate, amid reeds and river-flags, three or four pretty girls in robes of gray-blue spangled with gold, their heads wreathed, one with a crown of the sweet bog-myrtle, another with hops and white convolvulus, the third with pale heather and golden fern. They stopped opposite Amyas; and she of the myrtle wreath, rising and bowing to him and the company, began with a pretty blush to say her say:—

Hither from my moorland home,
Nymph of Torridge, proud I come;
Leaving fen and furzy brake,
Haunt of eft and spotted snake,
Where to fill mine urns I use,
Daily with Atlantic dews;
While beside the reedy flood
Wild duck leads her paddling brood.
For this morn, as Phœbus gay
Chas'd through heaven the night mist gray,

Close beside me, prankt in pride,
Sister Tamar rose, and cried,
"Sluggard up! 'Tis holiday
In the lowlands far away.
Hark! how jocund Plymouth bells,
Wandering up through mazy dells,
Call me down, with smiles to hail
My daring Drake's returning sail."
"Thine alone?" I answered. "Nay;
Mine as well the joy to-day.
Heroes train'd on Northern wave,
To that Argo new I gave.
Lent to thee, they roam'd the main.
Give me, nymph, my sons again."
"Go; they wait thee," Tamar cried,
Southward bounding from my side.
Glad I rose, and at my call
Came my Naiads, one and all.
Nursling of the mountain sky,
Leaving Dian's choir on high,
Down her cataracts laughing loud,
Ockment leapt from crag and cloud,
Leading many a nymph, who dwells
Where wild deer drink in ferny dells;
While the Oreads as they past
Peep'd from Druid Tors aghast.
By alder copses sliding slow,
Knee-deep in flowers came gentler Yeo,
And paus'd awhile her locks to twine,
With musky hops and white woodbine;
Then join'd the silver-footed band,

Which circled down my golden sand,
By dappled park, and harbour shady,
Haunt of love-lorn knight and lady,
My thrice-renowned sons to greet,
With rustic song and pageant meet.
For joy! the girdled globe around
Eliza's name henceforth shall sound,
Whose venturous fleets to conquest start,
Where ended once the seaman's chart;
While circling Sol his steps shall count
Henceforth from Thule's western mount,
And lead new rulers round the seas
From farthest Cassiterides.
For found is now the golden tree,
Solv'd th' Atlantic mystery,
Pluck'd the dragon-guarded fruit;
While around the charmed root,
Wailing loud, the Hesperidrs
Watch their warder's drooping lids.
Low he lies with grisly wound,
While the sorceress triple-crown'd
In her scarlet robe doth shield him,
Till her cunning spells have heal'd him.
Ye, meanwhile, around the earth
Bear the prize of manful worth.
Yet a nobler meed than gold
Waits for Albion's children bold.
Great Eliza's virgin hand
Welcomes you to Fairy-land,
While your native Naiads bring
Native wreaths as offering.

Simple though their show may be,
Britain's worship in them see.
Simplest tokens can impart
Noble throb to noble heart.
Græcia, prize thy parsley crown,
Boast thy laurel, Cæsar's town;
Moorland myrtle still shall be
Badge of Devon's chivalry!"

CHARLES KINGSLEY (*Westward Ho!*).

WINCANTON FAIR.

AT last they came upon a brow opposite Wincanton, where there were straggling cottages along the road. . . . Below in the dip was a crowd of folk and cattle all in uproar and confusion, as they had come in by different ways. Such a blaring, such a bleating, surely ears had never heard. . . . All up the street upon both sides the lower windows, such as were in reach, had been boarded up to save the panes; for tradesmen's standings lined the road, leaving only a narrow footway between them and the houses. And to begin with was a fine to-do, for the sparked cow, unused to so much company, ran wild, and in her blind fright struck against the corner of a stall and knocked it down. The ground was strewed with cakes and ginger-bread. To see the folk scramble would have cheered the heart of any man except the owner of the stall.

WALTER RAYMOND (*No Soul Above Money*).

A HARVEST-SUPPER.

Of course all the reapers came at night to the harvest-supper, and Parson Bowden to say the grace, as well as to help to carve for us. And some help was needed there, I can well assure you; for the reapers had brave appetites, and most of their wives having babies were forced to eat as a duty. Neither failed they of this duty; cut and come again was the order of the evening, as it had been of the day, and I had no time to ask questions, but help meat and ladle gravy. All the while our darling Annie, with her sleeves tucked up, and her comely figure panting, was running about with a bucket of taties mashed with lard and cabbage. Even Lizzie had left her books, and was serving out beer and cider, while mother helped plum pudding largely on pewter plates with the mutton. And all the time, Betty Muxworthy was grunting in and out everywhere, not having space to scold even, but changing the dishes, serving the meat, poking the fire, and cooking more. But John Fry would not stir a peg, except with his knife and fork, having all the airs of a visitor, and his wife to keep him eating, till I thought there would be no end of it.

Then, having eaten all they could, they prepared themselves with one accord for the business now of drinking. But first they lifted the neck of corn, dressed with ribbons gaily, and

set it upon the mantel-piece, each man with his horn a-froth; and then they sang a song about it, every one shouting in the chorus louder than harvest thunderstorm. Some were in the middle of one verse, and some at the end of the next one; yet somehow all managed to get together in the mighty roar of the burden; and if any farmer up the country would like to know Exmoor harvest-song, as sung in my time, and will be sung long after I am garnered home, lo here I set it down for him, omitting only the dialect, which perchance might puzzle him.

EXMOOR HARVEST-SONG.

1.

THE corn, oh the corn, 'tis the ripening of the corn!
Go unto the door, my lad, and look beneath the moon,
Thou canst see, beyond the woodrick, how it is yelloon:
'Tis the harvesting of wheat, and the barley must be shorn.

Chorus.

The corn, oh the corn, and the yellow, mellow corn!
Here 's to the corn, with the cups upon the board!
We 've been reaping all the day, and we 'll reap again the morn,
And fetch it home to mow-yard, and then we 'll thank the Lord.

2.

The wheat, oh the wheat, 'tis the ripening of the wheat!
All the day it has been hanging down its heavy head,
Bowing over on our bosoms with a beard of red:
'Tis the harvest, and the value makes the labour sweet.

Chorus.

The wheat, oh the wheat, and the golden, golden wheat!
Here 's to the wheat, with the loaves upon the board!
We 've been reaping all the day, and we never will be beat,
But fetch it all to mow-yard, and then we 'll thank the Lord.

3.

The barley, oh the barley, and the barley is in prime!
All the day it has been rustling with its bristles brown,
Waiting with its beard abowing, till it can be mown!
'Tis the harvest, and the barley must abide its time.

Chorus.

The barley, oh the barley, and the barley ruddy brown!
Here 's to the barley, with the beer upon the board!

We 'll go amowing, soon as ever all the wheat is down ;
When all is in the mow-yard, we 'll stop, and thank the Lord.

4.

The oats, oh the oats, 'tis the ripening of the oats !
All the day they have been dancing with their flakes of white,
Waiting for the girding-hook, to be the nags' delight :
'Tis the harvest, let them dangle in their skirted coats.

Chorus.

The oats, oh the oats, and the silver, silver oats !
Here 's to the oats with the backstone on the board !
We 'll go among them, when the barley has been laid in rotes ;
When all is home to mow-yard, we 'll kneel and thank the Lord.

5.

The corn, oh the corn, and the blessing of the corn !
Come unto the door, my lads, and look beneath the moon,
We can see, on hill and valley, how it is yelloon,
With a breadth of glory, as when our Lord was born.

Chorus.

The corn, oh the corn, and the yellow, mellow corn!
Thanks for the corn, with our bread upon the board!
So shall we acknowledge it, before we reap the morn,
With our hands to heaven, and our knees unto the Lord.

Now we sang this song very well the first time, having the parish choir to lead us, and the clarionet, and the parson to give us the time with his cup; and we sang it again the second time, not so but what you might praise it (if you had been with us all the evening), although the parson was gone then, and the clerk not fit to compare with him in the matter of keeping time. But when that song was in its third singing, I defy any man (however sober) to have made out one verse from the other, or even the burden from the verses, inasmuch as every man present, ay, and woman too, sang as became convenient to them in utterance both of words and tune.

R. D. Blackmore (*Lorna Doone*).

BROCKLESBY FAIR.

As I was a-riding to Brocklesby Fair,
I saw pretty Nancy a-curling her hair,
I give her a wink and she rolled a dark eye,
And I said to myself, " I 'll be there by and by."

I watched and I watched, all the night in the dark,
For to ask pretty Nancy to be my sweetheart.
But all that she said when I saw her next day :
" And are you the young rogue they call
Ramble-away ? "

I said : " Pretty Nancy, don't laugh in my face."
But she answered by slipping away from the
place.
So to find her I rambled through Somersetshire,
And I vowed I would ramble I did not care where.

Come all you young maidens, wherever you be,
And find pretty Nancy and bring her to me.
And all you young ramblers, you mind and take
care,
Or else you 'll get brimbled at Brocklesby Fair.

Old Folk-Song.

V.

SOME WEST-COUNTRY MEN.

The Western man, when he is of Somerset, is half a Celt of the South Irish type, with its faults and virtues and quality of fascinating rougher men, softened and, as he thinks, ennobled by a strain of gentlemanliness as hard to describe as to account for. The Western man is not all he thinks of himself or all Kingsley thought of him, but he is by far the pleasantest of Englishmen.

ANON.

Our Captain was Hardy, the pride of us all,
I 'll ask for none better when danger shall call.
He was hardy by nature and Hardy by name,
And soon by his conduct to honour he came.

ANON.

It was among the ways of good Queen Bess,
Who ruled as well as ever mortal can, Sir ;
When she was stogg'd and the country in a mess,
She was wont to send for a Devon man, Sir.

"THE DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS."

RALEIGH'S BIRTHPLACE.

The old farmhouse, smartened up with a facing of that stucco which is so beloved by Devon folk, stands now as ever in a hollow of the hills, remote; for although Budleigh Salterton has expanded into a townlet, I do not suppose the village of East Budleigh has grown appreciably in all these centuries. Bating that stucco, and the sixty-year-old brick outhouses, the farm must be much the same, and you may still see the old woodwork and the old stone flags of the lower rooms, and may even, by courtesy, peep into the bedroom where that gallant soul first saw the light of day.

Charles G. Harper (*The South Devon Coast*).

A RALEIGH MEMORIAL.

The New World's sons, from England's breasts we drew
Such milk as bids remember whence we came:
Proud of her past, wherefrom our future grew,
This window we inscribe with Raleigh's name.

James Russell Lowell.

COLERIDGE AT CLEVEDON.

Low was our pretty cot ; our tallest rose
Peeped at the chamber window. We could hear
At silent noon and eve and early morn
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtle blossomed, and across the porch
Thick jasmins twined : the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refreshed the eye.
It was a spot which you might aptly call
The Valley of Seclusion !

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SOUTHEY AT A PORLOCK INN.

PORLOCK, thy verdant vale, so fair to sight ;
Thy lofty hills, which fern and furze embrown ;
Thy waters that roll musically down,
Thy woody glens, the traveller with delight
Recalls to memory, and the channel grey
Circling it, surging in thy level bay.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ARTHUR HUGH HALLAM.

THE Danube to the Severn gave
  The darken'd heart that beat no more;
  They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
  The salt sea-water passes by,
  And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hush'd nor moves along,
  And hush'd my deepest grief of all,
  When fill'd with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again
  Is vocal in its wooded walls;
  My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then.

* * * *

The churl in spirit, up or down,
  Along the scale of ranks, through all,
  To him who grasps a golden ball,
By blood a king, at heart a clown;

The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
  His want in forms for fashion's sake,
  Will let his coltish nature break
At seasons through the gilded pale ;

For who can always act ? But he,
  To whom a thousand memories call,
  Not being less but more than all
The gentleness he seemed to be,

Best seemed the thing he was, and join'd
  Each office of the social hour
  To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind ;

Nor ever narrowness or spite,
  Or villain fancy fleeting by,
  Drew in the expression of an eye
Where God and Nature met in light ;

And thus he bore without abuse
  The grand old name of gentleman,
  Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use.

ALFRED TENNYSON (*In Memoriam*).

BLAKE OF BRIDGWATER.

August, in this fair land of ours, may aptly be likened to a noble dame in the pride of gracious motherhood, the promise of her sweet youth grandly fulfilled, her beauteous children rising up around her and calling her blessed, and her environment a mellowing atmosphere of satisfied, fruitful love. Generous August, serene and stately in all temperate lands, but nowhere to be so enjoyed as in England, and nowhere in England so full of glory as in the brave West Country—Somerset, Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall. Yet August, 1643, was a sad and sere month. Nature had done her part for the submissive and grateful earth, and man, where unmolested by his brother man, had aided according to his light; but war was in the midst of the country, and surely never does man show to less advantage before the celestial intelligences than when at war, especially so when at war with his own kindred.

Therefore, on the fair August morning with which this chronicle opens, was a little company of horsemen riding slowly along the sweet Somersetshire lanes, bound southward. At first sight one would have called them sad, those stern riders, but on second thoughts the word would have been altered to solemn. Yes, they looked solemn, although it might have been objected that their

leader's heavy face was devoid of all expression whatever. His portrait has been handed down to us, an object-lesson on the futility of judging a man by his looks. Fat cheeks, with small eyes, small nose, and little mouth,—was ever countenance more inexpressive of gallantry, high resolve, unflinching courage, and lovability than that belonging to Robert Blake? The best word that could have been found to describe his face without being unkind was impassive. He alone of that little company riding so steadfastly quiet along the beautiful Somersetshire lane appeared to have no concern with anything external whatever. And yet, if any man had cause to feel downcast, to be filled with gloomy apprehensions for the future, it was Captain Robert Blake; for he, like so many another great man discovered at that time, had emerged from his obscurity as a country gentleman, the head of his house, and had definitely taken his stand on the side of the people against the anointed King and his noble supporters, against the established order of things; and also had drawn with him many who, unable to choose for themselves, had accepted his guidance. Moreover, that sublime faith in a righteous cause which has bred so many mighty deeds, had just received a severe check. The Cavalier had conquered, at fearful cost it is true, but he *had* conquered, and the Queen of the West, Bristol, was in the hands of the Royal forces. Therefore Robert Blake might well have been

excused if, for others, he had looked sad and disturbed, and a gloom had overspread his countenance that all the brilliant sunshine of that August morning could not lighten.

FRANK BULLEN (*Sea Puritans*).

GENERAL MONK.

MONK'S appearance was majestic and comely, his body strongly knit together, apparently well fitted for the arduous duties he had to perform. He soar'd far above the temptations which beset mankind; his temper was even; he never allowed an officer to oppress a soldier—he looked on such an one as a tyrant; he, however, never allowed a fault to go unpunished in the army if it came to his knowledge. He was never known to enrich himself to the detriment of any man, nor did he make a purse for himself out of the spoils of war. He was an early riser, considering four or five hours' rest sufficient for him. Prudence and forethought were remarkable features in his character; he was never known on any occasion to swear an oath, a rare example for soldiers to follow; he was constant in his public devotions, and he had a great abhorrence of anything approaching Church spoliation or sacrilege.

GEORGE GUMBLE (*Obituary Sermon on Monk*)

SIR BEVIL GRENVILLE AND THE BATTLE OF LANSDOWN.

We stood on Lansdown's northern slope at the hour of evening's chime,
And we talk'd of the bloody deeds done there in the dark rebellion's time;
And as we traced the battle's lines, we saw, with fancy's sight,
The arm'd array, the wild affray—the flash, the crash, the flight—
And heard, in fancy's ear, the shouts, the groans, the stifled breath
Of men in mortal combat met, in agony and death;
And we named Sir Bevil Grenville's name, and proudly spoke of him
Who led the van of strife and toil through all that carnage grim;
Who, following fast where duty call, reach'd glory's early goal,
And on that hot, ensanguin'd plain pour'd out his noble soul.

Anon.

SIR BEVIL.

In this battle, on the King's part, were more officers and gentlemen of quality slain than private men; but that which would have clouded any victory, and made the loss of others less spoken of, was the death of Sir Bevil Granville. He was, indeed, an excellent person, whose activity, interest, and reputation were the foundation of what had been done in Cornwall; and his temper and affection so public, that no accident which happened could make any impression on him, and his example kept others from taking any thing ill, or at least seeming to do so. In a word, a brighter courage and a gentler disposition were never married together, to make the most cheerful and innocent conversation.

CLARENDON (*History of the Rebellion*).

When now the incens'd rebels proudly came
Down like a torrent, without bark or dam;
When undeserv'd success urg'd on their force,
That thunder must come down to stop their course,
Or Granville must step in; then Granville stood,
And with himself oppos'd and check'd the flood;
Conquest or death was all his thoughts, so fire
Either o'ercomes, or does itself expire.
His courage work'd like flames, cast heat about,
Here, there, on this, on that side, none gave out.
Not any pike in that renowned stand,

But took new force from his inspiring hand,
Soldier encourag'd soldier, man urg'd man,
And he urg'd all ; so far example can.
Hurt upon hurt, wound upon wound did fall,
He was the butt, the mark, the aim of all.
His soul this while retired from cell to cell,
At last flew up from all, and then he fell ;
But the devoted stand, enrag'd the more
From that his fate, plied hotter than before.
And, proud to fall with him, swore not to yield,
Each sought an honour'd grave, and gain'd the field.
Thus, being fall'n, his actions fought anew,
And the dead conquer'd whilst the living flew.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

THE EARL OF TOTNES.

THE feast was over in Haccombe Hall,
And the wassail cup had been served to all,
When the Earl of Totnes rose from his place,
And the chanters came in to say the grace.

But scarce was ended the holy rite,
When there stepped from the crowd a valiant knight ;
His armour bright, and his visage brown,
And his name, Sir Arthur Champernowne.

" Good Earl of Totnes, I 've brought with me
My fleetest courser of Barbary ;
And whether good or ill betide,
A wager with thee I mean to ride."

" No Barbary courser do I own ;
But I have," quoth the earl, " a Devonshire roan ;
And I 'll ride for a wager by land or sea,
The roan 'gainst the courser of Barbary."

" 'Tis done ! " said Sir Arthur, " already I 've won :
And I 'll stake my manor of Dartington
'Gainst Haccombe Hall and its rich domain."
So the Earl of Totnes the wager has ta'en.

" To horse ! to horse ! " resounds through the hall,
Each warrior's steed is led from its stall ;
And with gallant train over Milburn Down
Ride the bold Carew and the Champernowne.

And when they came to the Abbey of Tor,
The abbot came forth from the western door,
And much he prayed them to stay and dine ;
But the earl took nought save a goblet of wine.

Sir Arthur he raised the bowl on high,
And prayed to the Giver of victory ;
Then drank success to himself in the course,
And the sops of the wine he gave to his horse.

Away they rode from the Abbey of Tor,
'Till they reached the inlet's curving shore ;
The earl plunged first in the foaming wave,
And was followed straight by Sir Arthur the brave.

The wind blew hard, and the waves beat high,
And the horses strove for the mastery ;
'Till Sir Arthur cried, " Help, thou bold Carew !
Help, if thou art a Christian true !

O save for the sake of that lady of mine—
Good earl of Totnes, the manor is thine ?
The Barbary courser must yield to the roan,
And thou art the lord of Dartington ! "

The Earl his steed began to restrain,
And he seized Sir Arthur's horse by the rein ;
He cheered him by words and gave him his hand,
And brought Sir Arthur safe to land.

Then Sir Arthur, with sickness and grief opprest,
Lay down in the abbey chambers to rest ;
But the Earl he rode from the Abbey of Tor
Straight forward to Haccombe chapel-door.

And there he fell on his knees and prayed,
And many an " Ave Maria " he said ;
Bread and money he gave to the poor,
And he nailed the roan's shoes to the chapel-door.

OLD BALLAD.

PRINCE CHARLES UPON HIS COMING TO EXETER.

WHAT Fate decreed, Time now has made us see,
A Renovation of the West by thee,
That preternaturall fever, which did threat
Death to our Countrey, now hath lost his heat:
And calmes succeeding, we perceive no more
Th' unequall Pulse to beat, as heretofore.
Something there yet remaines for Thee to do;
Then reach those ends that thou wast destin'd to.
Go on with Sylla's Fortune; let thy Fate
Make Thee like Him, this, that way fortunate:
Apollos Image side with Thee to blesse
Thy Warre (discreetly made) with white successe.
Meane time thy Prophets Watch by Watch shall pray;
While young Charles fights, and fighting wins the day.
That done, our smooth-pac't Poems all shall be
Sung in the high Doxologie of Thee.
Then maids shall strew Thee, and thy Curles from them
Receive (with Songs) a flowrie Diadem.

ROBERT HERRICK.

TO SIR JOHN BERKLEY, GOVERNOUR OF EXETER.

STAND forth, brave man, since fate has made thee here
The Hector over Agèd Exeter ;
Who for a long sad time has weeping stood,
Like a poore Lady lost in Widdowhood :
But feares not now to see her safety sold
(As other Townes and Cities were) for gold,
By those ignoble Births, which shame the stem
That gave Progermination unto them :
Whose restlesse Ghosts shall heare their children sing :
Our Sires betraid their Countrey and their King.
True, if this Citie seven times rounded was
With rock, and seven times circumflankt with brasse,
Yet if thou wert not, Berkley, loyall proofe,
The Senators down tumbling with the Roofe,
Would into prais'd (but pitied) ruines fall,
Leaving no shew, where stood the Capitoll.
But thou art just and itchlesse, and dost please
Thy Genius with two strength'ning Buttresses,
Faith, and Affection : which will never slip
To weaken this thy great Dictator-ship.

ROBERT HERRICK.

SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE.

THE speaker, known well in those days as Sir Richard Grenvile, Granville, Greenvil, Greenfield, with two or three other variations, was one of those truly heroical personages whom Providence, fitting always the men to their age and their work, had sent upon the earth, whereof it takes right good care, not in England only, but in Spain and Italy, in Germany and the Netherlands, and wherever, in short, great men and great deeds were needed to lift the mediæval world into the modern.

And among all the heroic faces which the painters of that age have preserved, none perhaps, hardly excepting Shakespeare's or Spenser's, Alva's or Parma's, is more heroic than that of Richard Grenvile, as it stands in Prince's *Worthies of Devon*—of a Spanish type perhaps (or more truly speaking, a Cornish), rather than an English, with just enough of the British element in it to give delicacy to its massiveness. The forehead and the whole brain are of extraordinary loftiness and perfectly upright; the nose long, aquiline, and delicately pointed; the mouth, fringed with a short, silky beard, small and ripe, yet firm as granite, with just pout enough of the lower lip to give hint of that capacity of noble indignation which lay hid under its usual courtly calm and sweetness—if there be a defect in the face, it is

that the eyes are somewhat small and close together, and the eyebrows, though delicately arched, and without a trace of peevishness, too closely pressed down upon them ; the complexion is dark, the figure tall and graceful—altogether the likeness of a wise and gallant gentleman, lovely to all good men, awful to all bad men ; in whose presence none dare say or do a mean or a ribald thing ; whom brave men left, feeling themselves nerved to do their duty better, while cowards slipped away as bats and owls before the sun. So he lived and moved, whether in the court of Elizabeth, giving his counsel among the wisest, or in the streets of Bideford, capped alike by squire and merchant, shopkeeper and sailor, or riding along the moorland roads between his houses of Stow and Bideford, while every woman ran out to her door to look at the great Sir Richard, the pride of North Devon ; or sitting there in the low, mullioned window at Burrough, with his cup of malmsey before him, and the lute to which he had just been singing laid across his knees, while the red western sun streamed in upon his high, bland forehead and soft curling locks—ever the same steadfast, God-fearing, chivalrous man, conscious (as far as a soul so healthy could be conscious) of the pride of beauty and strength, and valour and wisdom, and a race and name which claimed direct descent from the grandfather of the Conqueror, and was tracked down the centuries by valiant deeds and noble benefits to

his native shire, himself the noblest of his race. Men said that he was proud—but he could not look round him without having something to be proud of; that he was stern and harsh to his sailors—but it was only when he saw in them any taint of cowardice or falsehood; that he was subject at moments to such fearful fits of rage that he had been seen to snatch the glasses from the table, grind them to pieces in his teeth, and swallow them—but that was only when his indignation had been aroused by some tale of cruelty or oppression, and above all, by those West Indian devilries of the Spaniards, whom he regarded (and in those days rightly enough) as the enemies of God and man.

CHARLES KINGSLEY (*Westward Ho!*).

A GROUP OF POETS AT NETHER STOWEY.

William and I had scrambled as far as this house, but without any more fixed thoughts upon it than some dreams of happiness in a little cottage, and passing wishes that such a place might be found. We spent a fortnight at Coleridge's ; in the course of that time we heard that this house was to let, applied for it, and took it. Our principal inducement was Coleridge's society.

Dorothy Wordsworth.

We walked for miles and miles over dark-brown heaths overlooking the Severn Sea with the Welsh hills beyond . . . from one spot I pointed out to Coleridge's notice the bare masts of a vessel on the very edge of the horizon and within the red-orbed disk of the setting sun, like his own spectre-ship in *The Ancient Mariner*. . . . At times we descended into little sheltered valleys by the seaside, with a smuggler's face scowling at us.

William Hazlitt (*Essays*).

MEN OF DEVON.

I am King Neptune bold,
The ruler of the seas;
I don't understand much singing upon land,
But I hope what I say will please,

Here be five Bideford men.
Which have sail'd the world around,
And I watch'd them well, as they all can tell,
And brought them home safe and sound.

For it is the men of Devon,
To see them I take delight,
Both to tack and to hull, and to heave and to pull,
And to prove themselves in fight.

Where be those Spaniards proud,
That make their valiant boasts,
And think for to keep the poor Indians for their sheep,
And to farm my golden coasts?

'Twas the devil and the Pope gave them
My kingdom for their own;
But my nephew, Francis Drake, he caus'd them to quake,
And he pick'd them to the bone.

For the sea my realm it is,
As good Queen Bess's is the land;
So freely come again, all merry Devon men,
And there 's old Neptune's hand.

CHARLES KINGSLEY (*Westward Ho!*).

SEA-DOGS OF THE WEST.

See those five talking earnestly in the centre of a ring, which longs to overhear, and yet is too respectful to approach close. Those soft, long eyes and pointed chin you recognise already; they are Walter Raleigh's. The fair young man in the flame-coloured doublet, whose arm is round Raleigh's neck, is Lord Sheffield; opposite them stands, by the side of Sir Richard Grenvile, a man as stately even as he, Lord Sheffield's uncle, the Lord Charles Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral of England; next to him is his son-in-law, Sir Robert Southwell, captain of the *Elizabeth Jonas*. But who is that short, sturdy, plainly-dressed man, who stands with legs a little apart, and hands behind his back, looking up, with keen, gray eyes, into the face of each speaker? His cap is in his hands, so you can see the bullet head of crisp brown hair and the wrinkled forehead, as well as the high cheek bones, the short square face, the broad temples, the thick lips, which are yet firm as granite. A coarse, plebeian stamp of man; yet the whole figure and attitude are that of boundless determination, self-possession, energy; and when at last he speaks a few blunt words all eyes are turned respectfully upon him, for his name is Francis Drake.

A burly, grizzled elder, in greasy sea-stained garments, contrasting oddly with the huge gold chain about his neck, waddles up, as if he had

been born and had lived ever since in a gale of wind at sea. The upper half of his sharp, dogged visage seems of brick-red leather, the lower of badger's fur ; and as he claps Drake on the back, and with a broad Devon twang shouts, "Be you a-coming to drink your wine, Francis Drake, or be you not ?—saving your presence, my Lord," the Lord High Admiral only laughs, and bids Drake go and drink his wine ; for John Hawkins, admiral of the port, is the patriarch of Plymouth seamen if Drake be their hero, and says and does pretty much what he likes in any company on earth, not to mention that to-day's prospect of an Armageddon fight has shaken him altogether out of his usual crabbed reserve, and made him overflow with loquacious good-humour, even to his rival Drake.

CHARLES KINGSLEY (*Westward Ho !*).

ON MR. ALCOCK, OF BRISTOL, AN EXCELLENT MINIATURE PAINTER.

YE Nine, awake the chorded shell,
Whilst I the praise of Alcock tell
In truth-dictated lays :
On wings of genius take thy flight,
O Muse ! above the Olympic height,
Make Echo sing his praise.

Nature in all her glory drest,
Her flow'ry crown, her verdant vest,
Her zone etherial blue,

Receives new charms from Alcock's hand ;
The eye surveys, at his command,
Whole kingdoms at a view.

His beauties seem to roll the eye,
And bid the real arrows fly,
To wound the gazer's mind ;
So taking are his men display'd,
That oft th' unguarded wounded maid,
Hath wish'd the painter blind.

His pictures like to nature shew,
The silver fountains seem to flow ;
The hoary woods to nod :
The curling hair, the flowing dress,
The speaking attitude, confess
The fancy-forming god.

Ye classic Roman-loving fools,
Say, could the painters of the schools,
With Alcock's pencil vie ?
He paints the passions of mankind,
And in the face displays the mind,
Charming the heart and eye.

Thrice happy artist, rouse thy powers,
And send, in wonder-giving show'rs,
Thy beauteous works to view :
Envy shall sicken at thy name,
Italians leave the chair of Fame,
And own the seat thy due.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

BRISTOL, *Jan.* 29, 1769.

TWO WEST-COUNTRY EPITAPHS.

John Kempthorn, a Devon Sea-Dog.

Here beneath this stone doth lie
As much of valour as could die;
Who in his life did vigour give
To as much justice as could live;
But death, which ne'er could him dismay,
Unkindly snatched him hence away.

John Gay, of Barnstaple.

Of manners gentle, of affection mild;
In wit, a man; simplicity, a child.
With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
Formed to delight at once and lash the age;
Above temptation, in a low estate,
And uncorrupted e'en among the great.
A safe companion and an easy friend,
Unblamed through life, lamented in the end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mixed with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay!

Alexander Pope.

BEAU NASH AND BATH.

Let us see what the amusements at "the Bath" had been hitherto. The place was devoid of elegant or attractive amusements, and the only promenade for the fashionables who followed Queen Anne to this then outlandish town was a grove of sycamores in which there was a bowling green and a band, consisting of two performers playing a fiddle and a hautboy! The courtiers who had deserted St. James to follow her gouty Majesty to the waters must have cursed their folly when they saw those sycamores and heard that band.

Nash altered all this. He was no King Log, and accordingly soon procured a band of music for the new Pump Room, an assembly room for the fashionables to take "tay" or chocolate, to dance, play cards, or to gossip in, and devised a code of manners, if not of morals, for the regulation of his little world, which he ruled with a rod of iron. They say that Nash made Bath. That, however, is but partly true. Bath was beginning to make its way when he appeared. The Moment had come and brought the Man with it. He warred with the high-class rowdies, who would have made the place a resort of Mohocks, and elevated "Bath manners" into a school of conduct perfectly well known and imitated, at a distance, in other parts of the kingdom.

Charles G. Harper (*The Bath Road*).

MIGHTY Nash, strong willed and boldly shrewd,
Who awed and charmed that modish multitude,
Hath found no heirs, and to the hollow earth
Bequeaths his fame; for none his place may take:
Long have such honours slept, and may not
re-awake.

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EDWARD EARLE OF DORSET.

IF I dare write to You, my Lord, who are,
Of your owne selfe, a Publick Theater,
And sitting, see the wiles, wayes, walkes of wit,
And give a righteous judgement upon it,
What need I care, though some dislike me sho'd,
If Dorset say, what Herrick writes, is good?
We know y' are learn'd i' th' Muses, and no lesse
In our State-sanctions, deep, or bottomlesse.
Whose smile can make a Poet; and your glance
Dash all bad Poems out of countenance.
So, that an Author needs no other Bayes
For Coronation, then Your onely Praise.
And no one mischief greater then your frown,
To null his Numbers, and to blast his Crowne.
Few live the life immortall. He ensures
His Fame's long life, who strives to set up Yours.

ROBERT HERRICK.

SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN.

A good sword and a trusty hand!
A merry heart and true!
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawney die?
Here 's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he,
"If London Tower were Michael's hold,
We 'll set Trelawney free!

"We 'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
The Severn is no stay,
With 'One and All' and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us Nay?

"And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth, come forth, ye cowards all,
Here 's men as good as you!

"Trelawney he 's in keep and hold,
Trelawney he may die;
But here 's twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why!"

Robert Stephen Hawker.

THE CHILDE OF BRISTOW.

This poem, dating from the early part of the fifteenth century, is generally attributed to John Lydgate, and is particularly interesting to Bristolians as being the first literary work in which a definite mention is made of Bristol. The Publishers of this Anthology have taken the opportunity to print a poem which must be of interest to many, and which has not hitherto been readily accessible.

THE CHILDE OF BRISTOW

A POEM

BY

JOHN LYDGATE

EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL MS. IN THE HARLEIAN COLLECTION IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND PRINTED FOR THE CAMDEN SOCIETY

(By permission of the Royal Historical Society)

THE CHILDE OF BRISTOW.

1 He that made bothe heuene and hell,*
man and woman, in dayes vij,
and alle shal fede and fille ;
he graunte us alle his blessyng,
more and lasse, bothe olde and yong,
that herkeneth and hold hem stille.

2 The beste songe that ever was made
ys not worth a lekys blade,
but men wol tende y^{r} till ;
ther for y pray you in y^{s} place
of your talking y^{t} ye be pes,
yf it be your wille.

3 I found it writen in olde hand,
that som tyme dwellid in England
a squyer mykel of myght ;
he had castels, tounes, and toures,
feyr forestis and feldes w^{t} floures,
beestis wilde and wight.

4 To lawe he went a gret while,
pore men he lerned to begile
all agayns the right ;
mykel good he gadred togedir,
all w^{t} treson and dedis lether ;
he drad not god almyght.

* Here evidently must be an error in the transcript. To complete the rhythm it should read, "He that made bothe hell and heuene."—*Vide* last stanza.

5 The good he gadred togeder than
he had it of many a pore man,
the most partye w^{t} wrong :
he had a sone shuld be his heyre,
of shap he was semely and feyre,
of lymes large and long.

6 So moche his mynde was on y^{t} chylde
he rought not whom begiled,
worldly good to fong ;
and al to make his sone so riche
that non other myght hym be liche,
so ment he ever among.

7 When the child was xij yere and more
his fader put hym unto lore
to lerne to be a clerke ;
so long he lernyd in lecrgie,
til he was wise and wittye,
and drad all dedis derke.

8 The fader seid to his sone dere,
" to lawe thu shalt go a yere,
and coste me xx marke ;
for ever the better thu shalt be,
ther shall no man be gile the
neyther in worde ne werke."

9 The child answered w^{t} a soft sawe ;
" they fars ful well y^{t} lerne no lawe,
and so y hope to do ;
that lyue wil y never lede,
to put my soule in so gret drede,
to make god my foo.

10 To sle my soule it wer routhe ;
any science that is trouthe
y shall amytte me ther to ;
for to forsake my soule helthe
for any wynnyng of worldes welthe,
that will y never do.

11 Hit hath ever be myn avise
to lede my lyf by marchandise,
to lerne to bye and selle ;
that good getyn by marchantye,
it is trouthe, as thenketh me,
ther w^{t} will I melle.

12 Here at Bristow dwelleth on
is held right a juste trew man,
as y here now telle ;
his prentys will y be vij yer,
his science truly for to lere
and w^{t} hym will y dwelle."

13 The squyer unto Bristow rade,
and w^{t} the marchand cownant made,
vij yere to have his sone;
he gaf hym gold gret plenté,
the child his prentys shuld be,
his science for to conne.

14 The child toke ful wel to lore,
his love was in god evermore;
as it was his wone,
he wax so curteise and bolde,
all merchant} loued hym, yong and olde,
that in that contré gan wone.

15 Leue we now that child thore,
and of his fader speke we more,
that was so stoute and bolde;
he was avaunced so hye,
there was no man in y^{t} contré
durst don but as he wolde.

16 And ever he usid usery,
he wold not lene but he wyst why
avauntage dobell tolde;
tethynges he liste never to pay,
yf parsons and vicares wold ought say
he uewid hem cares colde.

17 All thyng wol end atte last;
god on hym soche sekenes cast,
he myght no leng abide;
but on his ded bed he lay,
and drow toward his endyng day;
for al his power and pride.

18 Then he sent for knyghtes and squyers,
which were his comperys
in that contré be syde:
he seid emonges hem everych on,
"sires, my lyf is ner gone;
hit may not be denyede."

19 Ther was no man in y^{t} contré
that his executo^{r} wold be,
nor for no good ne ill:
they seid his good was geten so
they wold not have y^{r} w^{t} to do,
for drede of god in heuen.

20 He prayed hem, and they seid nay;
allas! he seid, and welaway!
w^{t} a rufull stevyn:
after hissone son he sent,
evyn to Bristow vereament,
was thens but myles vij.

21 The child to chamber toke his way ;
ther his fader on ded bed lay,
and asked hym of his chere :
" sone, (he sed;) wel come to me ;
y ly here now, as y^{u} may se ;
my endyng day negheth nere.

22 But, sone, thu must be myn heyre
of al my londes good and faire,
and my lordships fer and ner ;
ther for, sone, now y pray the,
myn atto^{r}ney that thu be,
when y am broght to bere."

23 The child answerd w^{t} wordes mylde ;
" ye se, fader, y am but a childe ;
discrecion haue y none,
to take soche a charge on me,
by my faith ! that shal not be ;
y can no skyle ther on.

24 Here ben knyghtes and squyers,
which were yo^{r} compers,
and many a worthy man ;
yf y shuld soche on me take,
that alle these worthi men forsake,
a fole then wer y one."

25 He seid, " y hasue no sone but the,
and myn heire y^{u} most nedis be ;
ther may no man sey nay ;
moche good haue y gadred to geder
w^{t} extorcion and dedis lither,
alas and welaway !

26 All this, sone, y gadred for the,
and thu so sone failest me
at my nedeful day ;
friendship, sone, is yll to triste,
eche man be ware of had y wiste,
god wote, so may I sey."

27 " Sone, (he seid,) thu scapest not so ;
that shalt y^{u} weten, or thu go ;
he then charge y the
to fore god thu mothe answer,
and as thu wilt my blessyng ber,
myn atto^{r}ney that thu be."

28 " A fader, ye bynde me w^{t} a charge,
and y shal bynde yow w^{t} as large
as ye bynde now me :
the same day fortneyght y^{t} ye passe,
y charge yow appere in this place,
yo^{r} spiret lat me se.

29 For ye haue bound me so sare,
now y most nedis, how ever y fare,
do your comaundement;
ther for y charge yow y^t ye appere,
that y may se yo soule here,
whethir it be saued or shent!

30 And that ye do no scathe to me,
ne none, that shal come w^t the."
" sone, (he seid,) y assent,
but, allas, that y was born;
that man is soule shuld be lorn
for my golde or rent."

31 Al thyng most ende atte last,
god soche sekenys on hym cast,
that he most nedys go:
the parish prest up was soght;
the gliose sacment w^t hym he broght,
that dyed for mannys woo.

32 Ther he shrove hym w^t hert sore,
and cryed god mercy ever more!
as it was tyme to do;
when god wold, he went his way;
his sones song was " welaway!"
for hym his hert was wo.

33 His sone sought fro toun to toun
for prestis and men of religioun
the *Dirige* for to say :
an C prestis he had and mo ;
gret yeftys he gaf them tho,
chargyng hem for his fader to pray.

34 Yong children had gret hole,
and pore wymen had gret dole,
that holpe hym not a day ;
and sitthe broght hym in his pytt,
as al men must, thei may not flyt,
whether thei wel or nay.

35 When thei had broght hym in his graue,
his sone y^{t} thoght his soule to saue,
yf god wold gef hym leue ;
al the catel his fader hade,
he sold it up and money made,
and labored morow and eve.

36 He sought aboute in that contré tho,
wher any almes myght be do,
and largely he dyd hem yeue
wayes and brugges for to make,
and pore men for goddes sake
he yeaf hem gret releve.

37 Who so axed aght, he made her pay,
and xxx^{ti} trental of masses he let say
for his fadres sake ;
he let never til he had bewared
all the treso^{r} his fader spared
a seth to god for to make.

38 By y^{t} day fortenyghtes ende was come ;
his gold was gon all and some ;
(many one of hym spake)
and al thynges that wer meuable,
he gaf aboute, w^{t} outen fable,
to pore men that wold take.

39 By than the fourtenyght was broght to ende,
the child to the chamber gan wende,
wher his fader dyed ;
a doun he knelid half a day ;
al the good prayers y^{t} he couthe say,
his fader for to abide.

40 Be twene mydday and under
y^{r} came a blast of lightnyng and dunder
thurgh the walles wide ;
as al the place on fire had be ;
the child seid, " *Benedicite !* "
and fast on god he cryde.

41 And as he sate on his prayere,
sone be fore hym gan appere,
foule tydynges be twene,
his faders soule brennyng as glede,
the deuel by y^e^ nekke gan hym lede
in a brennyng cheyne.

42 This child seid, " I c̃iure the,
what so ever y^u^ be, speke to me ; "
that other answerd a geyne :
" y am thi fader that y^e^ be gate ;
now thu may se of myn a state ;
lo ! how y dwelle in peyne."

43 The child seid, " ful woo is me,
in this plite that yow se ;
it persheth myn hert sore ; "
" sone, (he seid,) thus am y led,
for be cause of my falshed
that y used ever more.

44 Mi good was getyn wrongfully ;
but it myght restord be,
and a seth be made ther fore ;
an C yer thus shal y do,
gef me my trouthe I wer ago,
for till than my soule is lore."

45 " Nay, fader, that shal not be ;
in better plite y wol yow se,
yf god wol gef me grace ;
but ye shal me yo^{r} trouthe plighte
this same day fourtenyght
ye shal appere in this place.

46 And y shal labo^{r}e, yf y may,
to bryng yo^{r} soule in better way,
yf y haue lyf and space."
he graunted hym in gret hast ;
w^{t} that ther cam a donder blast,
and bothe ther way gan passe.

47 The child had neuer so gret sorwe ;
he rose up apon the morwe,
to Bristow gan he wende ;
to his mayster he gan say,
" y haue serued yow many a day ;
for goddes loue be my frend.

48 My fader out of this world is past ;
y am come to yow in hast ;
y haue euer founde yow kynde ;
me nedith a litel some of gold ;
myn heritage shal be sold,
croppe, rote, and rynde."

49 His maister sed, " what nede wer the
to selle thy thrift so hastely ?
it wer not for thy prow ;
yf thu any bargeyn haue boght,
for gold ne siluer care y^{u} noght ;
y shal lene the right y now.

50 An C mark yf thu wilt haue,
this vij. yer y wil neuer craue ;
wher for avise the now ;
for yf thu selle thyn heritage
that shuld y^{e} holpe in thi yong age,
an unwise man art thow."

51 " Gramercy ! (he seid,) maister hende
this was a proffer of a frende ;
but truly it shal be sold ;
better chepe ye shal it have
then any man, so god me saue,
for nedys y must haue gold."

52 He seid, " what is it worth by yer ? "
" ane C marke of money cler ;
the stuward this me tolde."
" then shal y gef the iij. C pound,
every penny hole and round ; "
the yong [man] seid, " y holde.

53 Dere mayster, y yow pray,
haue her dedis,—foch me my pay;
for y must houe agayn;
y haue to do in soundre place,
y pray yow, of fourtenyght space
y shal yow quytte certayn."

54 His mayster loued hym so wele,
he fette hym gold euery dele;
than was y^{e} child ful fayn:
he toke his good, and gan to go;
and for his fader his hert was woo,
that bode in so mykel payn.

55 His sone lete crie al aboute
in churches and markettes, w^{t} oute doute,
wher his fader dud wone;
wher his fader dyd destriccion
to man or woman in any toun,
they shuld come to his sone.

56 And he shal make a seth ther fore,
and his good ayen restore,
eche man his porcion;
ever as they come, he made her pay,
and charged hem for his fader pray,
in blisse that he might wone.

57 By that the fourtenyght was come,
his gold was gon al and some;
then had he ne more:
in to the chamber he went y^t^ tide,
the same that his fader in dyde,
and knelid as he dud ore.

58 And, as he sate in his prayer,
the spiret be fore hym gan apper,
right as he dud be fore;
saue y^e^ cheyn away was caught;
blak he was, but he brent noght,
but yet he was in care.

59 "Wel come, fader, (seid the childe;)
y pray yow w^t^ wordes mylde,
tel me of your astate."
"sone, (he seid,) the better for the,
y blessid mote the tyme be,
that euer I the be gate.

60 Thou hast releuyd me of moche wo:
my bitter chayne is fal me fro,
and the fire so hote;
but yet dwel y stille in peyn,
and euer must, in certeyn,
tyl I haue fulfilled my day."

61 " Fader, (he seid,) I charge yow tel me
what is moste ayens the,
and doth yow most disese ? "
" tethynges and offrynges, sone, (he
sayd,)
for y them neuer truly payd,
wherfor my peynes may not cesse :

62 But it be restored agayn
to as many churches in certayn,
and also mykel encresse,
all that for me thu dos pray,
helpeth me not, to the uttermost day,
the valure of a pese.

63 Ther for, sone, y pray the
gef me my trouthe y left w^t^ the,
and let me wynde my way."
" nay, fader, (he seid,) ye gete it noght,
another craft ther shal be soght,
yet efte y will assay ;

64 But yo^r^ trouthe ye shal me plight,
this same day a fourtenyght
ye shal come ageyn to yo^r^ day ;
ye shall appere her in this place,
and y shal loke, w^t^ goddes grace,
to amend yow, yf y may."

65 The spiret went forth in his way ;
The childe rose up that other day ;
for no thyng wold he lette :
even to Bristowe gan he wynde ;
ther he mette w^{t} his maister kynde ;
wel goodly he hym grette.

66 " When y haue nede y come to yow,
mayster, but ye helpe me now ;
in sorwe my herte is sette ;
me nedeth a litel sume of gold ;
another bargeyn make y wold ; "
and w^{t} that word he wepte.

67 His maister seid, " y^{u} art a fole ;
thu has ben at som bad scole ;
by my fecth y hold the mad ;
for thu has played atte dice,
or at som other games nyce,
and lost vp sone y^{t} thu had.

68 Thu hast right noght y^{t} y^{u} may selle ;
all is gon, as y here telle ;
thi gouernaunce, sone, is bad."
then he seid until his maister fre,
" myn owne bodye y wil selle to the,
for euer to be thy lad.

69 Bonde to the y will me bynde,
me and alle myne, to y^e^ worldes ende,
to helpe me in this nede."
he seid, " how mykel woldest y^u^ haue ? "
" xl mark, and ye wold foche saue,
for that shuld do my dede.

70 I hope that shal my cares kele."
the burger louyd y^e^ child so wele,
that to his chamber he yede ;
xl pound he gan hym brynge :
" sone, her is more than thyn askyng ;—
almyghti god the spede ! "

71 " Gramercy ! sire, (gan he say,)
god yow quytte that best may !
and trewe ye shal me fynde ;
y have to do a thyng or two,
a fourtenyght gef me lef to go,
y have euer founde yow kynde."

72 He gaf hym leue ; he went his way ;
but on his fader he thoght ay,
he goth not out of mynde ;
he sought alle y^e^ churches in y^t^ contré,
wher his fader had dwellid by,
he left not one be hynde.

73 He made a seth w^{t} hem echon ;
by y^{t} tyme his gold was gon,
they couthe aske hym no mare ;
saue as he went by y^{e} strete,
w^{t} a pore man gan he mete,
al most naked and bare.

74 " Your fader oweth me for a zeme of
corn."
down he knelid him be forn.
" for yo^{r} faders soules sake ;
and y hym drad ful sare,
som amendes to me ye make,
for hym that Marie bare."

75 " Welaway ! (seid y^{e} yong man,)
for my gold and siluer is gan ;
y haue not for to pay : "—
of his clothes he gan take,
and put hem on y^{e} pore manis bake,
chargyng for his fader to pray.

76 Hosen and shon he gaue hym tho ;
in sherte and breche he gan go ;
he had no clothes gay,
in to the chamber he went y^{t} tide,
the same y^{t} his fader on dyde,
and knelid half a day.

77 When he had knelid and prayed long,
hym thoght he herd y^e^ myriest song
y^t^ any erthely man myght here ;
after the song, he saw a light,
as thow a thousant torches bright,
it shone so faire and clere.

78 In that light, so faire lemand,
a naked child in angel hand
be fore hym dud appere ;
and seid, " sone, blessid thu be,
and all y^t^ euer shall come of the,
that euer thu goten were."

79 " Fader, (he seid,) ful wel is me,
in that plite that y yow se ;
y hone that ye be saue."
" sone, (he seid,) y go to blisse ;
god almyghti quyte the this !
thi good ageyn to haue ;

80 Thu has made the ful bare
to aqueynche me of mykel care,
my trouthe, good sone, y craue.'
" haue yo^r^ trouthe (he seid) fre,
and of thi blessyng I pray the,
yf that ye wold foche saue."

81 " In that blessyng mote y^{u} wone.
that our lady gaf here sone,
and myn on the y lay."
now that soule is gon to blisse
w^{t} moche ioye and angelis,
more than y can say.

82 This child thanked god almyght
and his moder Marye bryght,
when he sey that aray ;
euen to Bristow gan he gon
in his sherte and breche allon ;
hed he no clothes gay.

83 When y^{s} burges y^{e} child gan se,
he seid then, " *Benedicite !*
sone, what araye is this ? "
" truly, maister, (seid y^{e} childe,)
y am come me to yelde
as your bonde man."

84 The burges seid anon right,
" me mervayleth mykel of y^{e} sight ;
tel me now how it ys."
" whatsom euer ye put me to,
after my power it shall be do,
while my lyf wil laste."

85 " For y^e^ loue be twene vs hath be,
tell me, sone, how it stant w^t^ the ;
why thu gos in this way : "
" Sir, al my good y haue sold, y wys,
to gete my fader to heuene blys ;
for sothe as y yow say.

86 For ther was no man but y,
that wold be his atton^r^y
at his endyng day."
tho he told hym further,
how ofte he dud his fader appere,
and eke in what aray.

87 " And now his soule into blisse
y sey hym led w^t^ angelis ;
almyghti god the yelde !
for thurf your good he is saue,
and his dere blessyng y haue,
and al my cares be kelde."

88 " Sone, (he seid), blessed mote y^u^ be,
that so pore woldest make the,
thy faders soule to saue ;
to speke y^e^ honor may al mankynde ;
thu art a tristy siker frende ;
soche fynde y but silden ;

89 But fewe sones ben of tho,
that wol serue her fader so,
when he is hens gon ;
certes fynd y many on,
but none soche as y^{u} art on ;
by my fecth y leve not on."

90 Hys maister seid, " y shal y^{e} tell,
thu canst both bye and sell ;
here now make y the
myn owne felow in al wise
of worldly good and merchandise,
for thy trouthe so fre.

91 Al so, sone, y haue no childe
myn heritage for to wilde,
goten of my body ;
here y make the now myn heyr
of alle my landes good and faire,
and myn attorney that y^{u} be."

92 His maister dud hym weddid be
to a worthy manis doghter of y^{t} contré
with ioye and grete solace ;
and when his mayster was ded,
in to all his good he entred,
landes, catell and place.

93 Thus hath y^{s} yong man keuered care ;
first was riche and sitthen bare,
and sitthen richer then euer he was :—
now he y^{t} made both helle and heuene,
and all the worlde in dayes seuene,
graunte vs alle his grace.

Amen.

JOHN LYDGATE.

abide, *make atonement for, expiate.*
amytte, *apply.*
asseth, *satisfaction.*
ayen, ayens, *against.*
bere, *burial.*
bewared, *expended.*
brennyng, *burning.*
brugges, *bridges.*
but, *unless.*
can (ken), *know.*
chepe, *bargain.*
conne, *learn.*
disese, *to trouble, to annoy.*
districcion (destruction), *injury.*
dole, *grief.*
dunder, *thunder.*
efte, *again.*
ever amonge, *always.*
fayn, *glad.*
foch save, *vouchsafe.*
fong (or fang), *to seize.*
glede, *a live coal.*
hende, *gentle.*
hissone (his'n), *his own.*
hole (howl), *lamentation.*
hone, *to long for.*
houe (hove), *to move.*
kele, kelde, *cool, cooled.*
keuered (covered), *recovered.*
lemand, *glittering.*
lene, *lend.*
lether, lither, *wicked.*
lette, *omit.*
leve, *abbrev. for believe.*
lore, *lost, undone.*
melle (meddle), *mix.*
mothe, *must.*
nyce, *foolish.*
ore (*pro* yore), *formerly.*
pese, *pea.*
prow, *profit.*
quytte, *abbrev. for requite.*
rought, *preterite of "to reck."*
routhe, *pity.*
shent, *ruined.*
siker (secure), *safe.*
sitthen, *afterwards.*
stevyn, *groan.*
tende, *abbrev. for attend.*
tho, *then.*
thurf, *through.*
trental, *thirty masses or 30 days of masses.*
treson (trahison), *grasping.*
trouthe, *honest.*
trouthe (troth), *pledge.*
vereament, *truly.*
valure, *value.*
welaway, *an exclamation of woe.*
weten, *know.*
wight, *lively, sprightly.*
wone, *dwell.*
wone (wont), *custom.*
yede (hied), *went.*
zeme (seam), *a quarter of corn.*

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Publishers
Bristol